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Selections.

RESTORATION OF NATURAL RIGHTS.

We copy the following very sensible remarks from a lecture on the abolition of slavery, delivered a few years ago, at Stockbridge, Mass. by —— ——, a highly-intelligent and influential member of the democratic party. We wish we could find more frequent instances to record of democrats, who are consistent friends of freedom in *all* its manifestations.

Is it possible to abolish African slavery in this country; or, in other words, is the perpetual subjugation of the African race the necessary result of the condition of human nature?

The question should be considered calmly and philosophically. We should not be misled by our passions or our sympathies. In attempting to obtain justice for some, we should not do injustice to others.

We in the North are reproached for our interference with this subject, even by remonstrance or advice. We are told, with more apparent than real justice, that freemen, who know not the state of slavery by personal residence, or long observation, are unable to estimate its true condition, or the capacity of slaves for emancipation. This opinion is natural, but, I think, not just. We might retort, that custom dulls sensibility—that those who are immersed in error, are least likely to perceive it—and those who habitually do wrong, are the last to ascertain that it is wrong.

The principle of vanity in human nature—the disposition in making comparisons between ourselves and others; between our race and a race contrasted with it—leads to deeper errors than superficial observers are apt to suppose.

There is no more ordinary disposition in human nature than that of ascribing intellectual superiority to the race, cast, color, or nation to which we belong. The Spartan had no doubt of his superiority to the Helot—the Jew, in his own opinion, was better than the Gentile—the Roman claimed a higher grade than the barbarian—the Turk considered himself superior to the infidels whom he vanquished—and the feudal baron, of noble blood, felt himself far exalted above the peasant, the villain, and the serf.

It is impossible for man, previously to observation, and to long-continued observation, to estimate the degree of degradation which results from degradation of condition. In regard to the blacks, to whom the question applies, the observation has rarely been made fairly.

The progress of black children, when compared with that of white children, at primary schools, would afford the fairest test. Wherever it has been made, I believe that it has not shown any inferiority in the blacks. The few black children who have enjoyed this advantage of education, while they were too young to be conscious of the inferiority of their condition, and of their future destiny and rank in society, have, at this early age, maintained a fair equality with their little competitors, the white children. They are rarely continued at school beyond the age of ten years; even before that time, their emulation is depressed, and their efforts are discouraged by the intimation of the superiority of their companions, which is communicated in every look and gesture.

As society now exists, even in the northern States, there cannot, after the period of early childhood, be any fair competition between the two races. In the lottery of life, one set of adventurers is destined to draw all the prizes. Those who have the taint of the sable color, are as unable to attain any elevated station in society, as if precluded by law. The learned professions are closed to them. They are not merely debarred from rank, but most of the occupations in life, by which wealth is attained, are beyond their reach. With the exception of Hayti, the blacks have not enjoyed liberty in any part of America, except at the North; and there the climate is less favorable to them than to the whites.

None but those who have felt it, can, even by approximation, estimate either the sense of degradation, or the actual inferiority of character, which is caused by the bare fact of belonging to a degraded cast. Man is brutified by slavery, and *therefore* declared incapable of freedom. Those who regard him in this humiliated station, refer his indolence, his ignorance, and his shiftlessness, to the defect of original capacity. He is deprived of the stimulants and excitements which prompt other men to exertion, and is considered inert by nature. He shrinks from the whip, justly conscious that superior force would be called in to overpower resistance—and he is called a coward. He procures clothes by stealth, because he is naked, and food because he is hungry—and he is branded as a thief. His passions are excited by insult and abuse—and he is termed ferocious.

All men are to be presumed to be equal, and to be equally entitled to the protection of the law in any particular country, until the contrary shall be proved.

The right to discriminate between the blacks and whites, if it exist, must be the same which gives to men authority over inferior animals. It must be proved, not presumed; and the question can never be fairly decided, until by a long course of rivalry and competition, upon terms of perfect equality, it shall at last appear that one race is decidedly inferior to the other.

Those who are but superficially acquainted with human nature, will be at no loss to account for the opinion of slaveholders, that their slaves are by nature inferior to themselves, and must, therefore, from the necessity of their nature, remain in a station permanently degraded. External appearances are often the grounds of judgment. Few resist the effect of a mean garb, in forming an opinion of the wearer. The colored skin of the African is regarded by his owner as a habit of degradation imposed upon him by nature.

The supposed inferiority of the Africans is not, however, probably, so much inferred from their color, as from their condition, which creates the character that is supposed to be original and inherent. If it were not for the established associations with the sable color, no more inference would be derived from it than from any of the varieties of the European complexion. It is as unphilosophical to decide upon the character of a man from the color of his skin, as it would be to decide upon the properties of a tree from the color of its bark, without further examination.

When there is so much in the situation and condition of this unfortunate race to account for its depression, why aggravate the injustice by asserting an original inferiority, which they have had but few and slight opportunities to disprove; and which, when those opportunities have been offered, has been disproved?

Many who hear me will remember to have heard of the traits of heroism displayed by the negroes who were executed some years since for conspiracy at Charleston, South Carolina. If it were only for the devoted affection and the courageous fidelity which the slaves have so frequently manifested in defense of their masters, it would be sufficiently apparent that they are as susceptible of kind and benevolent affections, as ready to encounter dangers, and make sacrifices, as those of our race.

The truth is, that human nature is the same in all mankind. We are, for the most part, creatures of circumstances—and character is formed by condition. The misfortune or the mistake is, that it is also *judged* of by condition. Degradation is perceived. The capacities which, with proper aid, and in different conditions, would elevate the depressed cast, are not perceived. This partial observation is one of the ordinary causes of mistake. The sphere of observation is limited—experience is very much limited—and the hasty conclusion, that the inhabitants of one portion of the globe are essentially different from the rest, is founded upon a degree of evidence and observation that would scarcely be sufficient to ascertain the character of an individual.

Those who believe that the African race is incapable of being raised by liberty to a state of equality with other races, have never seen it in that condition. All their observations have been made upon an enslaved people, and under circumstances to cause an apparent contrast between the masters and slaves, greater than can readily be conceived where society is on a level. In slave countries, (as Burke has well remarked,) liberty is an elevated condition; it implies not merely exemption from bondage, but superiority and dominion. The slave is sunk below the level, and the master raised above it. With this influence operating upon their minds, the owners of slaves should not assume that they only can judge of the possibility or expediency of the emancipation of slaves.

In communities where slavery has been abolished, or where there are but few remaining slaves, the opportunity to form a just estimate of the capabilities of the African character, is somewhat better. The blacks, however, have nowhere in this country had anything like a fair chance to manifest their equality with the whites. The dominant race enjoys, not merely all the honors and distinctions of society, receives all the emoluments derived from the more elevated occupations, stations, and professions; but the mere fact of being included in its numbers, is of itself a distinction, which the degraded cast cannot even hope to attain. The sentiment, operating thus powerfully upon the whites, is, I believe, not founded in nature, but factitious; the result of associations which have been long indulged. It has been diminished by time and intercourse; but yet operates with great power. This sentiment, the pride, self-complacency, and conscious superiority of the superior cast; the constant assertion, or at least manifestation of that superiority in the limited intercourse between the whites and blacks, and their total exclusion from social circles, are quite sufficient to account for the depression of the blacks, even after having attained all the equality that the laws of the land can confer.

To familiarize the mind with the cause of the inferiority of the African race—its inferiority of condition—it would be well to notice the operation of this cause, in the various modifications, forms, and appearances of the subordination of one race to another. All history, every part of the earth, abound with illustrations. Civilization, literature, science, and the arts, are supposed to have arisen in the East; yet what European, who treads the banks of the Euphrates, the Ganges, or the Nile, and beholds the degradation of the descendants of those who illuminated the world, is able wholly to resist the illusion that he is of a better mould than those whom he sees in squalid poverty—the slaves of his own country men, or, perhaps, of less lenient masters? It would require much minute observation and information to give a mere sketch—the slightest delineation of this characteristic of our race; the inferiority of the subjected to the dominant race, caused by the fact of subjection, and ordinarily imputed to difference of original character. It is exhibited in very varied forms, and in very different degrees. We can best observe it in the different conditions of the Africans in our own country. Here, as elsewhere, subjection is modified by circumstances. The familiarity which naturally and necessarily grows up between those who live under the same roof, in a great degree prevents cruelty towards house servants.

The condition of the domestic slaves is alleviated in every mode, and the mind is proportionally freed from the prostrating sense of abject subjection, which is felt by the field negroes, who are working in the fields like cattle. Among the inmates of a family, there is necessarily some degree of acquaintance, and some reciprocation of feeling. This familiarity is inconsistent with that absolute prostration of mind felt by the gang, who receive brief orders from the overseer, and these sometimes accompanied with the lash. A gentleman is seldom disposed to flog his valet de chambre, and a lady cannot lash her nurse; yet the same negroes, under the overseer, would be urged to their task by the whip. This difference of treatment causes a correspondent difference of spirit. If, therefore, different degrees of bodily subjection produce corresponding effects upon the mind; if the slave, relieved from the thong and the lash, is thereby partially emancipated from his mental thraldom, it is surely not unreasonable to suppose, that complete emancipation of the body would cause correspondent emancipation and elevation of the mind; if, with slavery, were also removed the other obstacles which now prevent the Africans from manifesting a character in all respects like our own.—Equality of *legal* rights; all the emancipation that the *law* can give, does not include the emancipation of the mind from the sense of inferiority, which results from difference of *cast*.

It is just as reasonable to suppose that the Brahmin and Paria of Hindostan were made in different moulds, or of different materials, because of the difference of their rank and mental attainments, as that the free or enslaved African is constitutionally inferior to the European. In the case of the Paria, the sense of inferiority may be manifested by ceremonial observances, and in other very different modes from those wherein an African is compelled to acknowledge his subjection; but the feeling is of the same character. This consciousness of inferiority, resulting from a degraded condition, is nearly universal wherever the degradation exists. Those who rise superior to it, are exceptions from the ordinary human character. This pervading influence extends to the poor, and affects their whole character. The poor are usually subservient. The same influence, which, in a less degree, operates upon the destitute, and those in humble condition, operates in much greater degree upon the oppressed African.—The superiority of the European races—of the English race, to which we belong—has been of slow growth. We have arrived, by imperceptible degrees, to a point of elevation from which we look down and around, with a sense of superiority, as if the height had been attained by our unaided efforts, and without remembering or regarding the means whereby we ascended. We despise the abject African, because he does not at once leap up to the ascent upon which we have been placed by circumstances, which we could no more control than he could have controlled his destiny.

We should look at the subject in a different aspect. We should make all allowances for the different condition of the Africans and ourselves; give them credit for what they have done, and not reproach them for not doing what they had no means of doing. They have the same principle of buoyancy with ourselves; and the instant that the weight, which depresses their level in society, is taken off, they will rise and occupy the space that is left vacant for them.

From the Liberia Herald, published at Monrovia, West Africa, November 20, 1841.

DISMAL PROSPECTS OF LIBERIA.

At this time, as it is impossible to say with any degree of certainty, it may be proper to conjecture what course the society at home will adopt to revive the drooping interests of the colony. That the colony is in a feeble state, no one, not even its warmest and most enthusiastic friends, will deny. But that its condition is worse than might years ago have been predicted, had the bearing and relation of events and circumstances been foreseen, and taken into account, admits of a question. The present depressed state of the colony is the legitimate result of natural and moral deficiences and evils inherent in the system; whose combined negative (if we may so speak) and positive effect has engendered our misery. In the early stage of the colony, the liberal benefactions of the society to all classes in need of help, or who chose to appeal to her charity—the fat donations of private benevolists, the profuse allowance to emigrants, and the occasional arrival of one who would jingle a dollar in his pocket, served to keep up a kind of excitement, and stare absolute poverty out of countenance.—Trade, at that time, though not larger in amount with the natives, was engrossed entirely by the colonists. No foreigner thought of bartering with the natives. Merchandise, to large amounts, was readily credited to the settlers, for barter with the aborigines, and to be paid for at an accommodating time. Profits then were high; and the trade being almost exclusively in the hands of the settlers, they were enabled to keep prices steady and firm. But the times are changed. The little foundling, supposed to have attained the state of adolescence, no longer enjoys the smiles of its soothing foster parent, and the lullaby of liberal donations to all who may ask, or really need, is no longer thrust into its mouth, to stop its piteous wailing. The subject of the colony having now become trite, and no longer able to excite, many of its early and ardent friends have turned to new sources of phrensy. Others, equal in inconsistency, and differing only in their mode of procedure, disappointed in their expectation that the colony would at once attain the stature and strength of manhood, have turned away in despair. Men of pecuniary and moral worth have ceased to come out. The competition of foreigners in the native trade, has annihilated us almost to a unit. They press closely upon us, on every side; and wherever a tooth of ivory, a kentle of camwood, or a kroo of oil is to be found, there you will find the foreign trader ready to barter for it in exchange for merchandise, at a shade less in price than he would sell them to us. To this there are some honorable exceptions. A few captains, regarding our condition, refuse to sell to the natives at prices less than we have established. Others, again, boast of their superiority in this respect, and openly avow their intention to break us down, by ruining the trade. The extent of this evil can only be realized by those who know that the price once reduced, can never be raised. The natives understand *less* in the price of their purchases, but *more* by no course of reasoning, no alledged combination of circumstances, can you bring them to comprehend. What, then, is to be done? is the question frequently asked. Keep out foreigners, says one, and hold the trade in our own hands. But are we able to keep them out; will not a seizure and confiscation of property involve us in a dispute? And are we able to contend with any but ourselves? We have been a whole year fighting a few refractory spirits in our midst. We have conquered them, it is true; but it is to be apprehended that, Phœnix-like, they will spring from their own ashes, and force us again into the field. There are no people on earth with whom we can contend, with even a mimic hope of success, but these dastardly Deys around us, who not unfrequently run from the report of their own fire. Then betake yourselves to the soil, says the ignorant speculator. There is the source, sure, unfailing source of competence and independence; and this he commands, with all the assurance and complacency of an oracle. We are not, however, so ignorant of political economy, as not to know this fact. The difficulty does not consist in ignorance, but in weakness and poverty. Let the people, one and all, immediately turn themselves to farming.—What can they raise? coffee? This is at least a triennial crop; and to say nothing of the necessity of a capital to carry it on successfully, which of our farmers is able to subsist himself the third of three years, while the crop is maturing? Can they raise sugar? Inquire at the colonial store what the society's sugar, manufactured from the last crop of cane, cost a pound. Shall they resort to cotton? A larger capital, and still more attention, are required to make a business of this. But they can raise potatoes, cassados, pumpkins, &c. This will at least be going back to the state of nature; for as each would raise his own roots, and all cultivate the same, there would be no room for exchange, and commerce must die at its root. But can men live on these dry, farinaceous roots alone? Must he not be clothed, and housed, and nurtured when sick? Where are these extras to come from? Not from foreigners; because we have nothing to give them in exchange.

Those who know nothing of the matter, may indulge in speculation. They may hurl the imputations of laziness, and want of enterprise; and they may direct us, for example, to the foresters of newly settled tracts in America. They may tell us how the axe resounds under the lusty hand, and the trees fall, and the wilderness melts away before the face of the American pioneer, and how soon the heavy wagon is seen groaning under its load of ripened sheaves and full-eared grain, rolling to the market. All this is well enough, as examples; and all this we will do, if the same facilities are afforded to us.

In America, wherever in the depth of the forest a few hardy and enterprising spirits pitch their tents, there is almost instantly to be seen a little mercantile establishment, furnished with everything necessary to comfort, and auxiliary to manual occupation. In proportion to the avails of the coming harvest, each laborer is furnished in advance with the convenience of life. Clothing, tools, and even provisions, should he need them, are given him on credit, to be paid for when he gathers in his harvest; and his attention is not distracted, nor his time misspent upon a variety of objects; and thus he is enabled to be eating his fruits while he is yet sowing the seed. Were it not for the facilities, they could not farm any more than we; and afford them to us, and we will farm as well as they.

In America, capital follows in the wake of population. It seeks employment. Here, there is none to follow—none to be employed. There, government in its various improvements gives employment to thousands of laborers and mechanists, who in their turn encourage the agriculturalist and husbandman. Here, the government employs (we may almost say) none; there, all can find constant lucrative employment. Here, the days of labor—such as in its remuneration supplies motive to energy and encouragement to hope—are few and far between. There, men are paid for their labor, in what has an intrinsic value, and will command its equivalent anywhere. Here, they are paid in cloth and tobacco, which will command——potatoes and cassados. If this is not a distinction with a difference, then we despair of ever finding one.

What, then, do we want? Encouragement for men who are willing to earn an honest subsistence by their labor, and facilities to till the earth; and it behooves us to be looking for some source that can supply these desiderata.

Some are so short-sighted as to suppose the operations of missionary bodies can supply them. While we admit freely that they have done good, and are calculated to do more good, we as freely and openly declare they can do evil. With a few exceptions, missionary employment has rather injured the colony. The building of the sawmill was of advantage, because it gave employment to a number of operatives; and were it not for evils which it might hereafter be made to pour out, it should be encouraged. But can any one suppose that the employment of the covey of half-made missionaries, squatting about in the bush, is of real utility to the colony? To say nothing of the spirit of servility and dependence, and indisposition to labor, which your young men (and they are all nearly such) must contract, what do they produce? In the course of a year, they may, by constant and iterated inculcation, teach a little naked native to say his bla or menmems, or convince him that a circular line on paper, enclosing a few unintelligible marks, represents the globe. All these teachers are consumers; what do they produce? We are far from condemning effort to enlighten the minds of our people, or the natives; we rejoice in the march of intellect, and the spread of knowledge. But the best thing can be abused, and the best system advanced at an improper rate. Having said thus much, we must be permitted to say further, that there is no place on earth where the population bears so small a proportion to the number of teachers, nor is it to be found anywhere in a community so poor as this, in which there are so great a number of grown up scholars. But the cause most probably is laid open, in what we have already alledged—namely, the want of profitable employment; and making the best of a bad subject, this may be regarded an extenuation of evil for allowing so many to feed upon the missionary crib.

We end where we commenced. We know not what course or policy the society will pursue. Something must be done, either by them or by us, or we must set our house in order, and prepare for national death. Everything that a solitary individual could do, was done by the lamented Buchanan. While he lived, we hoped. In vain may the society search for his equal; he is not to be found. He saw, with an intuitive eye, the course to be adopted; and so keen as well as quick was his judgment, he had rarely occasion to change his course; and therefore, in the principles of the policy he adopted, when he first assumed the government, he remained to the day of his death, fixed and determined.

From the Philanthropist.

IMPORTANT STATISTICS.

In the subjoined tables, we have compared different sections of the Union, in point of education. The first column gives the whole population; the second, the absolute number of white persons over 21, who can neither read nor write; the third, the proportionate number.

Eastern Free States.		
6,760,022,	97,818,	1 in 67
Western Free States.		
2,968,900,	105,988,	1 in 28
Eastern Slave States.		
3,826,323,	183,165,	1 in 20
The Free States.		
9,728,922	203,806,	1 in 47
The Slave States.		
7,333,644,	345,879,	1 in 21

This, however, does not present a fair view of the absolute amount of ignorance in the slave States. The slave population, in round numbers, is 2,487,000; the free colored, in the slave States, 200,000. Adults we may reckon at 1,500,000, of whom we do not suppose that more that 150,000 can read and write. In the slave States, then, with a population of 7,333,644, the absolute number of adult persons who can neither read nor write, is about 1,700,000, or one in every four. If in our estimate of the free States, we include the free colored population of 186,000, setting down the adults at 75,000, and conceding that two-thirds can neither read nor write, the proportion then of the entire population will stand, one to every 39, instead of 47.

Indeed, this is the only fair way of making an estimate of the amount of education in the community. The colored population is an essential part of it—its intelligence will advance, its ignorance retard the welfare of the whole.

Behold, then, what slavery does for letters—one in every four persons in the slave States, who can neither read nor write!

We wish the serviles of the free States would now answer one question. On what are founded the pretensions of the slaveholders to rule this Union—pretensions to which the people of the North have so long submitted?

On their *numerical* strength? They number scarcely 300,000, and the people with whom they are more immediately connected, are a small minority of the whole population.

On their *wealth?* In agricultural wealth they are behind the people of the free States; in commerce and manufactures, there is scarcely room for comparison.

On their *moral* worth? The question is mockery.

On their abundant *charities?* Probably, three-fourths of all the contributions to benevolent and religious institutions of the land come from the free States.

On their value as *customers* of the North? It is estimated that the slave States now owe the free, 200,000,000 of dollars; a debt they will never be able to pay.

On their *genius?* seven-eighths of all the American authors of any note in literature or science, are born, and flourish north of Mason and Dixon's line.

On their *intelligence?* One in every four persons of their adult population, can neither read nor write.

On their ability for *good government?* The country has been controlled by them for the last 20 years, and what is the *result?*

Why then, we ask, are these men allowed to fill a large majority of the most important offices of the government, and to make its administration subservient to the interest of slavery, at the expense of the honor and welfare of the whole nation? In addition to the facts we furnished on this subject a few weeks since, take the following—

The slave States have 35 per cent. of the white population, and about 38 per cent. of the federal.—The free States supply most of the sailors in our merchant ships, and men of war. But, the President of the United States, is from Virginia; the Secretary of the Navy, from Virginia; his chief clerk, from Maryland; Senior Captain of the Navy, from Virginia; Col. commandant of the Marine Corps, from Virginia. The proportion of captains from the slave States, is 44 per cent.; commanders, 29 per cent.; lieutenants, 51 per cent.; passed midshipmen 46 per cent.; midshipmen, 47 per cent.; surgeons and assistants, 42 per cent.; and, according to the Washington correspondent of the New-York Evangelist, Judge Upshur, (in addition to the number of midshipmen appointed among the States by law,) has recently appointed thirty-two, of whom fifteen are taken from Virginia, and the remaining seventeen from Maryland, Delaware, and the District of Columbia. These are mere illustrations of the complete supremacy of the slave power.

We ask the dough-faces of the North again—on what do you ground the claim of your masters, the slaveholders, to rule this Union?

EXTRACT FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW-YORK VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

"Star of the North, I look to thee,
While on I press; for well I know
Thy light, and truth shall set me free!
Thy light, that no poor slave deceiveth;
Thy truth, that all my soul believeth.—PIERPONT.

We feel bound, not only to refuse to give up the slave, but to aid him in his flight from bondage; to set up the way marks; to make the path to liberty so plain, that the way-faring man, though a slave, need not err therein. In truth, he well deserves his liberty, who braves the dangers and hardships attendant on an effort to escape, to snap asunder his chains, and dare the ferocious blood-hound, and the more ferocious slave hunter, the rifle, the pistol, the calabouse, the dreary, pathless waste, and intricate wilderness, to suffer hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and the many untold dangers that beset the path of the fugitive; and shall he, when he arrives in a free State, be seized and hurried back to tenfold sufferings? The natural sympathy of our hearts revolt at the thought. No! we would throw a shield of protection over him, to save him from such a dreadful fate, and by timely aid forward him to a place of safety, where he may enjoy the rights of our common nature, which are denied him in this land of boasted liberty.

In the cases of the Amistad and Creole, we have seen exemplified the strong desire of liberty that burns in the breast of man, and the hazard he will run to regain his freedom; and while we rejoice in the deliverance of the enslaved, who dared to vindicate their natural rights, even by such desperate means, we equally rejoice to perceive by the general expression of public opinion, in reference to these events, proofs of a far better state of feeling than formerly existed toward the suffering slave. Cinque and his fellows have been received with such expressions of kindness, and their conduct so much applauded, that no doubt can exist that the feeling of the public is decidedly in their favor. Nor will the names of Madison Washington, and his comrades of the Creole, stand below them.

These instances of intrepidity strike the mind more forcibly, and carry a bolder daring in the execution, than those individual examples of the solitary slave, who urges his weary way in the darkness of night, for weeks and months, onward in pursuit of freedom, patiently enduring fatigue and hunger, continually exposed to the dangers which beset him, which render escape almost hopeless. But in these instances we discern the same noble spirit, the same unquenchable love of liberty, the same ardent aspiration after freedom, that characterised those daring men; and in every such instance, an appeal is made to our justice, our love of liberty, and our Christian charity. Nor dare we reject the claim; we must protect them; and in this work, God helping us, we mean to persevere.

The numbers seeking the assistance of the committee, increase every year, as the labors of this institution extend. The information rapidly spreads, even through the slave States, that the oppressed colored man may obtain relief, not only in New-York, but wherever a similar association exists; and we rejoice to say, that committees of vigilance for their protection, are now formed in the most important points, in the States of New-York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, and Massachusetts. Nor are these the only aids the fugitive meets; hundreds of individuals, whose hearts feel for the wrongs of the slave, will give him protection, and forward him to the British provinces.

It would require a much larger space than it would be prudent to occupy, were we to relate the many deelpy interesting cases that have come under our care during the past year. The thrilling tales of romance, which chain the mind in sympathy with the fictitious sufferings and adventures of imaginary characters, are often exhibited in real life before us, in the adventures of the fugitive from slavery; and although we may sometimes doubt the truth of their story, they generally bring such evidence of veracity, that conviction is carried to the mind of the most incredulous; and while it is not our design to detail their adventures and escapes, for the entertainment of the public, we shall relate some instances, as samples, to show the eager desire for liberty that prevails among them, even where the hope of escape appears to be almost entirely cut off; and thus endeavor to remove the erroneous opinion entertained by many, that they are contented with their condition as slaves.

In the month of October, a colored man arrived in this city, who inquired, in broken English, the road to Canada: the question excited the curiosity of the person to whom it was addressed, who being an abolitionist, endeavored to obtain some information from the stranger, respecting his situation and design in travelling to Canada. This he appeared at first both unable and unwilling to give. He could not make himself understood in English, and he was evidently fearful of trusting himself in the power of any one: at length, being brought to one of the committee, he gave the following account of himself in French; being apparently satisfied from the assurances given him, that he was safe, and would be assisted to reach Canada.

He said he was a native of one of the French West India islands, and belonged to a man who occasionally visited New Orleans, to which city his master brought him some years ago, and sold him to a planter in the vicinity of Baton Rouge. This man, finding him rather an unbroken spirit, endeavored by extreme severity to subdue his temper, and render him as submissive as the rest of his slaves. He flogged him so frequently and so dreadfully, that he at length determined to escape from his tyrant, and obtain his liberty. After travelling several nights, secreting himself in the woods by day, and subsisting on wild fruits, or anything that would satisfy his hunger, he began to feel unable to proceed from fatigue and want. At length meeting a colored man, he applied to him for relief:—it seemed, indeed, the most probable source from which he might obtain assistance; but to the disgrace of the human heart, after hearing his tale, and pretending to take him to a place of safety, he gave him into the hands of the officers, who returned him to his master, for the paltry reward that had been offered for his apprehension. If his condition was miserable before, it was now rendered ten-fold more wretched, being not only subjected to daily punishment of the most dreadful description, but loaded with irons, which wore away the flesh from his legs and arms, leaving deep hollows, which even now bear testimony to the cruelty inflicted on him. Indeed, his body was so scarred and scored all over, by the scourgings he had received, as to present sufficient evidence that his statement was substantially correct.

After enduring this misery for some time, he again broke away from his oppressors, and being free from his irons, although still suffering severely from their painful effects, he travelled between five and six months through the States, suffering incredible hardships, exposed continually to the dreadful hazard of being apprehended, and forced back to bondage, and probably to death. After experiencing many narrow escapes, which would consume too much space to relate, he at length reached the city of New-York, and happily fell into the care of the committee, who relieved his wants, and forwarded him to Canada.

Reviewing such scenes, our indignation may well be excited against a system of oppression which can thus crush our fellowmen, and torment them with miseries which ought not to be inflicted for the commission of the greatest crimes. Nor can we fail to admire the patient endurance and perseverance of the poor slave, or to perceive the importance of the committee of vigilance, by which the friendless stranger is enabled to escape from such oppression.

The character of the city of New-York, has been so perfectly pro-slavery, that we feel peculiar satisfaction in relating an instance of kindness to a poor slave by the city watch:

A man about forty years of age, arrived in this city in the month of November, about 11 o'clock at night, and asked the city guard, (as he in his southern phraseology called the watchman,) where he could find a place to sleep. The watchman perceived by his slave dress, that the stranger was from the South, and probably a fugitive slave. Ascertaining this fact, he told him to come with him, and he would find him a lodging; he then took him to the watch-house, and gave him in charge of the captain, with the information that he was runaway slave.—The poor fellow had scarcely clothes to cover him, and appeared quite broken down with fatigue and hunger; and now he concluded he should be thrown into the calabouse, (as he termed the city prison,) and be sent back to slavery. In this happily he was mistaken. The watchman in the first place procured a good warm supper for him, and then made him up a good bed of their coats near the fire, where he slept comfortably till the morning, when a general contribution was made for a suit of clothes: this they effected from his shoes to his hat, transforming him from a wretched looking slave to a decent free man; the next question was, how to dispose of him; when they agreed to call in the aid of a colored man, by whom they sent him to the treasurer of the committee of vigilance, in order that he might be forwarded to Canada, or some other place of safety; heaven grant them a rich reward for their kindness; may they know by experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

The attempts frequently made by slaves, to escape exposes them to greater sufferings, and generally proves more unsuccessful than land journeys; the slave generally knows but little of the risk and hardships to be encountered in the effort thus to gain his liberty; yet the means employed are frequently of such a nature, and manifest a firmness and energy of character, that cannot fail to secure the approbation of every rightly formed mind. The following instance of patient endurance, will exemplify this truth:

A slave in Richmond, Va. whose wife was a free woman, was anxious to secure the blessings of liberty: to purchase his freedom, was out of his power, and the hope of obtaining it by any other means, appeared very fallacious; nothing but a life of slavery, with all its gloomy prospects, presented itself to his mind; at length a beam of hope broke through, like the light of inspiration, and roused him to seize perhaps the only opportunity of escape. A vessel laden with lumber, was about to sail for New-York; he suggested to his wife the possibility of securing a passage in it, and thus escape the horrors of slavery; advising her to take their child, and travel by land to New-York; which she, having free papers, could do safely; he then made up a bundle of provisions, sufficient to last several days, and watching a favorable opportunity, secretly got on board, and hid himself below the cargo, lying on his back under the lumber. Here he remained the whole time the ship was at sea; he suffered severely, being confined in one position, but did not dare to leave his hiding place. The ship was long out; how many days and nights, he could not tell, for to him the whole was night; but at length he found she was in port, and now his hopes and fears were alternately raised, as the prospect of immediate liberty, or return to slavery, was before him.—Leaving his hiding-place, he found it was night; and unhappily for him, the vessel had let go her anchor in the stream, and although the greater part of the hands had gone ashore, and he might have escaped if the ship had been near the dock, yet now escape appeared almost impossible; but on looking over the vessel, he observed a small boat astern, into which he immediately descended, and letting go the painter, pulled himself ashore, and thus became a freeman for life. He had learned the name of a firm friend of the oppressed, while in Virginia; and now needing the assistance of such a friend, he soon found him, and was by him introduced to the care of this committee: his wife and child also soon arrived, with whom he is now enjoying the long wished-for blessing of freedom.

A young man, held as a slave, near the eastern shore of Maryland, having arrived at the years of discretion, determined on becoming his own master; and after collecting what few clothes he could, he took a farewell glance at his master's establishment, and set his face for the North and liberty; he travelled in two nights about fifty miles, intending to stop at a neighborhood to find a friend, from whom he hoped to obtain some assistance; having arrived at this place, he inquired, at a respectable-looking house, for Mr. ——; the man told him that was his name, and intimated he knew he was the man he wished to find. The poor weary slave went in, not without some fear he was deceived; but being assured by the man he was safe, he sat down by the fire to rest himself, and was soon nearly overcome by sleep. A young man now left the room, and was absent about an hour; still the traveller believed himself with friends, who would not betray him; when the young man returned, with five or six men, who surrounded the doors, and to his surprise and dismay seized him, bound his arms behind, and dragged him to a place of safety, till they could send him back to his master, and obtain the reward which had been offered for his apprehension. He now gave up all hope of escape, and submitted to the cruelty inflicted on him, without resistance. There being no regular prison in the place, they confined him in an upper room, where one man watched him till about midnight, when another was to relieve guard. The slave found the rope had slackened, and might be slipped off, with a little exertion; but he prudently lay with his head on his bundle, snoring as if fast asleep, keeping his eye at the same time fixed on his keepers.—The second watch was now called, to take charge of the prisoner, till the morning; but he being half drunk, soon gave signs of drowsiness; and the first guard was hardly asleep, when he, too, fell back on the bed, and slept as soundly as his comrade. In order to ascertain if they were awake, the young man called to them for some water, several times, but receiving no answer, he rose up, gently slipped off the rope, and crept softly toward the window, taking with him his hat and bundle; watching cautiously his sleeping guard, he raised the sash, and in a moment leaped on a piazza under the window, and from that into the road and woods, where he lay secreted till the following night, when he again pursued his journey in quest of the friend for whom he had been seeking, when seized by the ruffian slave-hunter. At length he found him; and being now under a friendly roof, he intended to stay a day or two, to recruit himself for his journey; this, he found by experience, was bad policy, and nearly lost him his liberty. On the day after his arrival, he was engaged in bringing wood from the yard, without his hat or shoes, when two men suddenly sprang on him, the one seizing his arms behind, and the other standing in front with a rope to bind him. It appears these men had followed him from his master's neighborhood, and learning from those who had first arrested him, that he inquired for this man, they followed his track, rightly judging that he would still endeavor to find him. But the slave, on his part, was now better prepared for defense than he was before; for he had bought a strong clasp-knife, which he had been busily engaged in sharpening during the day; and now, while the ruffian who held his arms caught hold of his collar in the front, the slave took out the knife, and forcibly drew it across his hand, which made it fall as if useless; still he kept firmly hold with the other, while the man in front endeavored to close in upon him, but was kept off by thrusts of the knife; at length the slave stooped down, and getting a fair hold of the leg of the man behind him, he drew his knife forcibly up from the calf of his leg as high as he could reach, inflicting such a desperate wound that he appeared entirely crippled; his fellow finding him thus dangerously wounded, was compelled to give up the contest, to attend to his companion; meanwhile the slave once more fled to the woods; here he remained two or three hours, when he cautiously returned, and receiving his shoes and clothes from his friend, with some directions and pecuniary help, he travelled on to Washington, in which place he afterwards learned his master had arrived before him; but being confined to his room with a severe cold, he escaped without detection. On his arrival in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, some six or seven miles from the city, a man met him, and told him not to go to the city during daylight, for he was advertised, and might be arrested; he then took him to his house, and in the evening got his conveyance ready, and carried him to the Philadelphia committee of vigilance. It seems his master had written to a relation in Philadelphia, informing him that J. had absconded, begging him to look out for him, and have him arrested, if he arrived in Philadelphia; but, it happened, this man had become a firm abolitionist; and true to his principles, he brought the letter to the committee, and on the arrival of the poor traveller, greeted him as a friend, and rejoiced with him in his deliverance from bondage. From Philadelphia he was forwarded to the committee of vigilance in this city, and now stands erect, a freeman for life.

One of the obvious evils of slavery, is the constant liability of being reduced from the most tolerable, to the most wretched condition to which its victims can be exposed. The argument sometimes offered, that many slaves are well treated, and therefore slavery is not to them objectionable, meets a perfect refutation from the fact, that the enjoyment of exemption from extreme misery, depends on the caprice of their masters—the continuance of his life, or his pecuniary prosperity, and many other similar contingencies. We may introduce, as an illustration, the case of Emanuel R. a young man, a slave, held by Gadsby, the keeper of the National Hotel, in Washington, D. C.; his wife and two children also belonged to the same man; they were both considered excellent servants; and here they might be said to enjoy some of the comforts of life, and endure but few of the evils incident to a life of bondage; but Gadsby is a slave trader by profession, and their present condition depended on his obtaining a price for them; he soon sold them to a speculator, for sixteen hundred dollars, who carried them to the State of Alabama. Their sufferings on the road were to them very severe—travelling on foot, and resting at night on the dryest spot they could find, exposed to cold and fatigue, and many privations. They at length reached a place where a slave market was held, and were sold, with many others, to cotton planters, who purchased them to labor in the plantations. They were soon sent to labor in the cotton fields, and had the usual task assigned them; they were required to pick one hundred pounds of cotton per day, or receive as many lashes as there were pounds deficient. Not being used to the work, they were unable to fulfill this task, and consequently were flogged, twenty, thirty, and forty lashes, every day; they labored incessantly, till their fingers ran with blood, and were worn away; still they were daily tormented with the lash of the driver, for not performing the task.—This continued several weeks; till one morning, dreading the return of his daily toil and punishment, he resolved to escape, if possible, from his tyrant. Little did he think of the danger and misery to which he exposed himself; he had been gone bu

two or three hours, when a pack of blood-hounds were set on his track, and soon he found himself exposed to their fury; he vainly endeavored to escape from them, by climbing a high tree; this proved no protection; his pursuers, accustomed to their horrid work, cut down the tree in such a manner, that it split and fell without injuring him; and now he was exposed to the savage ferocity of the dogs; they were suffered, by the equally brutal men, to tear and mangle him till he was almost lifeless; he was then dragged back, and after a dreadful flogging, again sent to labor in the plantation. He endured this misery some time longer, till weary of life, and despairing of relief, he again determined to attempt to gain his liberty, cost what it might.—Having learned, by painful experience, that escape was hopeless, unless he could get beyond the scent of the dogs, he resolved to elude them by getting possession of one of his master's horses, by which he could speedily get beyond their reach. To effect this, he gained access to the stable in the night; took a good horse, and happily got clear of the premises unobserved. Knowing the road the coffle of slaves had travelled from Washington, he took the same way back, and rode that night thirty or forty miles; at break of day he took to the woods, where he lay by, getting wild grapes, or any other food he could find to satisfy his hunger; and on the approach of night again mounted his horse and took the road homeward. He had obtained a little knowledge of letters, and was able to read the direction posts, describing the route and number of miles to the towns; this was of great advantage to him, as at break of day he would notice the road they pointed out, and at night travel accordingly. The second night he journeyed about forty miles; and now being so far as to feel safe from the dogs, he turned his horse loose in the woods, and travelled on foot, considering himself less liable to be discovered and arrested without his horse. For many nights he continued his journey, subsisting on such things alone as the woods supplied, except once or twice, when overcome with hunger, he ventured near a cottage, and obtained a piece of bread. At length he arrived at Charleston, S. C.; here he was exposed to more danger than on the road; not having free papers, he could get no employment, and was hourly in danger of being arrested, and thrown into the calabouse, as a fugitive slave; but he was not perfectly a stranger in Charleston; when at Gadsby's, he had been sometimes employed as a driver, and had been in this city in that capacity; he had also become acquainted with some colored friends; and now in his distress he sought them out, as the only persons to whom he could look for help; having found them, he related to them the circumstances in which he was placed, and begged from them such assistance as they could afford; they prudently took him to a benevolent lady, who, after hearing his tale, told him she would endeavor to get him some help, though she could not promise him much success; she then wrote a letter to a lady in ——, whom he had ascertained as a person who knew him when at Gadsby's hotel; and after some days she received an answer, enclosing a letter written to him, containing a sum of money; the benevolent spirit and piety of the letter, which he has still in his possession, proves the writer to be no ordinary character; in it, he was advised to proceed, if possible, to New-York, and directed to some persons who knew him in Washington; this was very cheering; but still the difficulty of travelling without free papers, appeared insuperable; they finally resolved on a plan which proved successful; a vessel lay in port, bound for New-York; and having now some funds to offer as a remuneration, they got into conversation with a person about to sail with the vessel, and finding him favorably disposed, offered him a considerable sum, indeed, the whole the lady had sent from ——, if he would take him on board, and land him in New-York; this he consented to do, and proved himself a trusty friend to the poor stranger. The ship was nine or ten days at sea, and here he suffered considerable inconvenience from sickness and close confinement, but in other respects he was well taken care of. Arriving in the port of New-York, they landed him safely, though ragged and friendless, yet rejoicing in having thus far escaped the misery of slavery. He now sought some of the persons named in the letter he had received from the lady in ——, and found Col. F. who expressed himself much interested in his welfare; nor did he confine his kindness to mere expressions of good will; he changed his ragged dress to a comfortable suit of clothes, and dismissed him with kind counsel and good wishes for his welfare. A colored servant in his establishment, hearing from the stranger something of his history, recommended him to the Rev. T. S. Wright, the president of the committee of vigilance, who immediately took him under his care; and now, we trust, he is free from his oppressors, for life.

MR. BOTTS AND MR. LEAVITT.

Those who read the Congressional, will recollect that Mr. Botts, of Virginia, pointed at the reporter of the Emancipator, in Congress, and in a very excited manner declared that he ought to be turned out of the House, because he described the majority of Congress as "Northern dough-faces and southern masters."

The Washington correspondent of the New-York American, thus alludes to the transaction:

The character of this rude and wanton attack upon a person so situated (not allowed an opportunity to speak in reply, though the attention of the whole House and galleries is directed to him by the finger of the assailant) is too palpable to need a comment. To strike a man in the face, whose hands are tied, would be honorable in comparison with it. As to the expulsion of a letter-writer from the floor, there is hardly one who would not consider it an honor to be thus treated by such a majority as appears in this coalition between "the northern dough-faces and the southern masters,"—a happy expression, which I cordially adopt and endorse! Expel a letter-writer from a House where such men as Adams and Giddings, and their associates are constantly abused and persecuted? What a calamity!

Mr. Leavitt himself speaks as follows, in the columns of the Emancipator:

I put it to every intelligent reader, whether this threat of Mr. Botts is not itself one of the most striking instances of overseerism that has transpired? In some points of view, it goes beyond everything that has preceded it, in showing to what lengths the slaveholders are prepared to carry their war upon the rights of the free, in order to compass their grand object of extending the law of slavery over the free States, and ultimately over the civilized world.

Freemen are not allowed to petition Congress for a redress of grievances.

Punishment is threatened to those members who present obnoxious petitions.

Punishment is inflicted upon a member for offering resolutions expressive of his own views and those of his constituents, on important public measures.

An editor who plainly exhibits the conduct of slaveholders in its true light, and not only calls it but makes it appear to be overseerism, is to be expelled from his privilege as a reporter, and *as far as the House has the power*, his pen and press silenced!

Are the people prepared for this? Shall no tongue tell the things that are daily done in the Capitol? Is free thought and free opinion to be struck down, while no man is to be allowed to tell the means by which it was done, or to do justice to the men by whom it was done?

As to myself, I have no favors to ask. I have but done my duty. For seven years, I have been more and more convinced, that the doings of the slaveocracy in Congress were but little understood, and that they would never be faithfully described in papers devoted to pro-slavery parties and interests. On coming here to see for myself, a year ago, I was struck with the amazing force of an expression used by Mr. Adams in his reply to Wise—"THE OVERSEER PRINCIPLE." It gives us at once a whole system of political philosophy, with its nomenclature. It is the principle by which one man, called an overseer, is able to maintain an absolute control of the wills and actions of a hundred other men. It is overbearing men by bluster and violence, with a reckless determination which hesitates not to do any deed, or destroy any man, or any interest, that stands in the way of the complete subjugation of their victim. That is overseerism. It is for doing that; for acting towards northern men, and towards one another, on that principle, that I have called them overseers. And it is because the charge is so obviously just, that *it sticks to them*; that they are exasperated, and threaten to turn me out of the hall.

Let them do it. I can take notes very well in the gallery; and the public shall still have the mirror held up to these men, to show their conduct in its true character, and to trace their actions to the fountain-head.

As to Mr. Botts, I have no personal controversy with him. I have honored him (beyond his merits, it seems) for his support of the right of petition. Of late, he seems entirely changed. Whether his present phrensy is put on, with reference to the approaching election, or whether the Creole affair has touched him more nearly than is commonly understood, I will not undertake to decide. He must take his own course, as I mine.

The following letter was sent to the Hon. John M. Botts, member of Congress from the Richmond District, Virginia.

SIR,—In the remarks you thought proper to make in your place the other day, respecting my conduct as a reporter in the House, you observe that the paper I edit is regularly sent to you, although you know not from what source. Allow me to inform you, that the Emancipator and Free American is sent gratuitously, at the expense of friends of the anti-slavery cause, to a considerable number of members of Congress, for the purpose of keeping that body informed of all that is doing under the auspices of abolitionists to create and form a public sentiment favorable to the emancipation of all the slaves in the United States. It is possible that the ground you formerly took in support of the right of petition, may have had some influence in leading those who have the charge of this matter to suppose that the paper might be sent to you, as one of the few slaveholding statesmen who are not afraid to look the anti-slavery movement full in the face. But as it seems now, that you consider yourself disobliged by receiving it, and especially as you have signalized your chivalry by an insulting personal attack upon the editor, where you know he had no opportunity to reply, I take this method to assure you that you will no longer be troubled by the visits of

The Emancipator and Free American.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

Our last paper was so filled with the proceedings of our own annual meeting, that we had no room for other anniversaries. We now give a brief account of the most important:

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

This society held its fifth anniversary at Broadway Tabernacle, New-York. A great crowd was attracted by the reputation of the speakers, among whom was Mr. Marshall, member of Congress from Kentucky. Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen presided, and Rev. Dr. Cox opened the service with prayer. The report stated that the number of pledges, taken within the past year, from among those who were esteemed hard drinkers, is, according to the soberest estimate, nearly *half a million*. In Kentucky, 30,000 had signed the pledge; in Ohio, 60,000; in the entire West, more than 200,000 have been enrolled, of whom it is safe to say, that *every seventh is a reformed drunkard*, and *every fourth a reformed tippler!*

In Maine, 50,000 have also taken the pledge, of whom at least 5,000 have been taken from the ranks of the inebriate: 20,000 have been enrolled in Boston, 13,000 of whom are reformed drunkards. In central and western New-York, the pledges have amounted to upwards of 50,000; in Philadelphia, 20,000; in Pittsburg, 10,000; and in the whole of the United States, the number of reformed drunkards is not less than 50,000; and that of reformed tipplers not less than 100,000.

The origin of the blessed Washingtonian temperance movement, was stated to have been the spontaneous action of six intemperate mechanics in Baltimore. While carousing over their cups, for the sake of ridicule, they deputed four of their number to hear a temperance sermon, which was at the time to be preached, near the scene of their carousals. After their return, the preacher and his subject became the theme of conversation. One was forced to express his approbation of the sentiments which had been advanced. He felt that temperance was a good thing. Thus begun, the reforming impulse spread, until before their departure, they had procured and signed the pledge—to which they have all adhered—never again to taste of alcohol. They resolved to meet again—for a different purpose from that which had gathered them at that time—and at their subsequent meetings, for the want of speakers, they resolved each to detail the experiences of his life. From this insignificant movement of a few drunkards, the whole reformation has sprung.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

This society held its twenty-eighth anniversary at Broadway Tabernacle. The venerable John Cotton Smith presided. The treasurer's report exhibited the receipts, during the past year, to have been over $139,000, and its expenditures nearly the same amount; leaving a balance of only $300 in the hands of the treasurer. During the year, 276,000 books have been distributed; being an increase of 109,000 over the operations of last year; 257,000 bibles and testaments—increase over last year, 176,000; total number of bibles and testaments distributed by the society since its organization, 3,052,000.

Mar Yohannan, the Nestorian bishop, was present, and added much to the interest of the occasion. Ever since his arrival in this country, he has been an object of much curiosity and respectful attention. He brought with him a manuscript copy of the New Testament, written in Syriac, more than 600 years ago. His modesty, good sense, and simplicity of manner, have rendered him exceedingly popular. The singular description he gives of his own country, among the mountains of Koordistan, and the gratitude he expresses for the kindness of America to his people, through her missionaries, have created a deep interest. On the occasion of the anniversary, he appeared in oriental costume; and, as may well be imagined, attracted no little attention by his dark complexion, long, flowing beard, silken robes, and bright-colored turban. The President addressed him briefly, welcoming him to the country, and in the name of the society, presented him with an elegantly bound quarto bible. On the first leaf was beautifully written the following:

A COPY
OF THE HOLY BIBLE,
PRESENTED BY THE
AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY,
TO
MAR YOHANNAN,
BISHOP OF OOROOMIAH,
PERSIA.
1842.

He replied in Syriac, which was thus translated by Mr. Perkins:

"How beautifully and tastefully this bible is bound; but that which it contains is far more beautiful and precious. The scriptures are more precious than gold. I show you a book—the New Testament, which I have brought from my own country; how great is the contrast which it presents. I wish you to observe particularly how meanly it appears. But still it is the same precious word. It was written 642 years ago, by the hand, on parchment. From ancient times, a few copies of the bible have been with our people; and it has been peculiarly precious to us, in giving us consolation and support under the severe oppressions which the Mohammedans have inflicted upon us; and kept us not only from their errors, but also from yielding to the wiles and seductions of Romish priests, who have swarmed our country.

"Among our population of 40,000, there are but 50 copies of such Testaments as this. We ask of this Bible Society, if they will not increase the number, and give the bread of life to these famishing people? Other nations, also, as well as ours, are looking to you from that dark East, to give them the Bible. It is this which makes the great difference between this land and those.

"I heard with astonishment from the secretary, that a thousand copies of the bible were printed every day. How blessed would be the gift, if a few days' labor of this society could be given to my country. How soon it would become like America. We want the bible more than anything else. We are poor, but with this we should be rich. Will you not send the bible to us?"

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

This association held its fourteenth anniversary in Broadway Tabernacle. Captain Edward Richardson, President. This society is highly interesting, not only on account of the much-abused class, which it seeks to protect and improve, but because there is nothing national, local, or sectarian in its operations. It embraces the whole family of man, and seeks to extend its influence to every region of the globe.

Its report presented a very encouraging state of things: $20,861 89 have been contributed during the past year; being $10,157 61 more than the previous year.

The Sailor's Home, at Cherry street, New-York, is now completed, and in successful operation. The whole expense of erecting and furnishing, including the ground on which it stands, is estimated at $40,000. According to its experience thus far, it will, within four years, have accommodated more than 16,000 sailors; who will have deposited in the Savings Bank over $60,000 and sent to their parents and friends as much more. It is believed that 10,000 sailors in New-York, have within the year become temperate men; and 600, in heart and life, become followers of the Lamb. It is estimated that about 500 sailors are constantly in the city of New-York, and at least 30,000 in the course of the year.

MORAL REFORM SOCIETY.

The eighth anniversary of this society was held at Hester street church. The annual report of the Board states the number of copies of the Journal which have been issued during the last year, at 15,500: 40,000 petitions have been forwarded to the legislature during the year; three missionaries have been employed, who have visited 6,570 families. Of the Advocate, 47,652 copies have been distributed: 7,000 signatures obtained to the temperance pledge, and 160 children have been brought into Sabbath schools. A Bethel missionary has been steadily employed, who has visited 3,829 vessels, and distributed a large number of directories and tracts. From investigations carefully made, it is believed that New-York contains 1,640 houses of ill-fame, and 11,540 open prostitutes.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

This society held its second anniversary in the church at the corner of Delancy and Christie streets. ARTHUR TAPPAN, President. Rev. Theodore Wright opened the meeting with prayer. Rev. S. S. Jocelyn read the report, setting forth that the *Society* itself had not made any great progress during the past year, but expressed the belief that its principles were gaining ground.

Much of the debt had been paid off during the past year by a few individuals; and the organ of the society, the Anti-Slavery Reporter, had been suspended for want of support.

The report dwelt much on the Mendians, and the case of the Creole. Interesting intelligence was communicated from the missionaries at Sierra Leone, the West Indies, and the Sandwich islands; and letters were read from several distinguished individuals. It was stated that the American missionaries at the Sandwich islands are having action on the subject of American slavery—complaining of the inaction of the American Board on the subject—and that some of them are resigning on account of the pro-slavery character of the Prudential committee, and the Board itself. It was said that letters of an opposite character had likewise been received from the same islands.

Daniel Webster was handled without gloves; and the course of John Q. Adams, and J. R. Giddings warmly applauded.

The character of Joseph Sturge, of England, was vindicated from the accusation in some of the American newspapers, that he is a corn-monopolist and an aristocrat. It was shown that he is now actively engaged in promoting the repeal of the odious corn laws; and that he has recently taken an active part in the great Birmingham meeting of the friends of extended suffrage, and has been elected President of the "National Complete Suffrage Union," lately formed in England.

The treasurer's report was deferred to an adjourned meeting. We have seen no record of it.

Communications.

"MINGLING WITH THE WORLD."

This, among other objections, is urged by the Society of Friends, for not joining with the abolitionists.

To mingle with those who are laboring in a cause of benevolence and mercy, and who are pleading for the down-trodden and oppressed, is *not* mingling with the world. Far different. "Mingling with the world," is to be engaged in the race for wealth; in the pursuit of those glittering baubbles, and childish playthings which gratify the carnal mind. It is to mix with those persons, to whom the chink of a dollar is the only music delightful to their souls; and who, to grow rich, would sacrifice every ennobling principle, trample in the dust the image of God, and barter for the dross of the earth, an everduring inheritance in Heaven. For the sordid purpose of extensively accumulating dollars and cents, Friends *do* mingle with the world to a mournful extent, and express no scruples whatever for so doing; but when it comes to joining with others in efforts to extend mercy to suffering humanity, they are at once horrified at the idea. Alas! for the religion that leads to such conclusions. Would that Friends were consistent. Would to Heaven that they *did* keep themselves "unspotted from the world;" unspotted from the contaminating influences of avarice, ease, affluence, and the popular opinions of the day; that, instead of joining with all classes of men in the struggle for wealth, and taking sides with the slaveholder and his abettor, against the abolitionists, they would lend their presence and influence in urging forward that cause which *early* Friends so nobly begun.

They accuse the abolitionists too, of running in their own strength, and own time. They seem to forget that in condemning them, they may be guilty of the very same thing. Can it be that the glory of God, and the building up of his kingdom, is the supreme object of their lives, when at the same time they are eagerly pursuing the things of earth? Can it be that they "remember those that are in bonds as bound with them," and are exceedingly anxious for the deliverance of the captive, while they remain indifferent to his cries, and content themselves with supporting that silent testimony, which the *slaveholders* so much admire? Can it be that they "love their neighbor as themselves," when they silently behold him perishing in the dungeons of oppression, alledging, as an excuse, that they are not "*sent?*" Alas! how unavailing will be such excuses in a dying hour. We need no further *revelation* for a thing we already *know*. Even the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, have sufficient knowledge to help each other in distress. To say we are not sent to aid a suffering brother, is a libel on Christianity and common sense. The duties to our fellow-men are self-evident truths.—They are written with the legible gleamings of Omnipotence on every page of the hallowed volume, and reflected back on the human heart. They are as undying in their nature as immortality itself; over them, as well as all other truths, the friends of earth and Hell have no power. For general duties this divine injunction is sufficient. "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of them but to do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." It is astonishing that man can become so reckless of the happiness of his fellow-man! Here are near three millions of immortal beings, bound in the chains of slavery, in this boasted land of freedom. "The fire of tyrrany" is burning up their rights—withering their energies, and manhood—drying up the fountains of life, rendering thorny and desolate their pathway of time, severing the cords of every domestic joy, robbing them of the gospel light of peace, and of everything which makes life desirable, or the hopes of Heaven glorious! And how *paltry* are the excuses offered by thousands for not lending their hand to help thee, O, thou unhappy slave! With what apathy and indifference do they regard thy wretched lot! Even thy professed friends, (the Quakers,) are deterred from pleading thy cause by sectarian pride, and the fear of unpopularity.

In an address to Friends, which I read recently from one of their ministers, in referring to the temperance and abolition societies, he advised them to "keep out of the excitement, and join not with the popular associations of the day." Just as if the gigantic evil of slavery, and all its damnable allies of iniquity, could be overthrown *without* excitement! "The truth is like a two-edged sword, cutting through the bonds of interest on the one side, and the cords of east on the other." It can no more be spoken plainly, and effectually in these times of wickedness and blasphemy, *without* producing excitement, than could the furious hurricane sweep over the ocean without ruffling or agitating its waters. This has been verified in all ages of the world. We have but to look to the history of early Friends. What did they not suffer in proclaiming the truth? Persecuted, mobbed, ridiculed, and imprisoned, yet they stood firm and unflinching. No shrinking from duty, for fear of producing excitement. But now what a sad deterioration!

The dissemination of truth must ever produce excitement, so long as the spirit of Hell reigns in the bosoms of men. Truth and error are antagonists; and when they come in contact, they must, in the very nature of things, create tumult and agitation.

If the abolition society is a "*popular* association," then mobs, and slander, and reproach, and persecution, and imprisonment, are poor evidence of unpopularity.—That the Society of Friends are becoming popular with slavery is manifest when they begin to lisp their praises for the course they pursue. That they may see the error of their way, is my heart-felt desire.

"Mean time the mighty debt runs on,
The dread account proceeds;
And our *not* doing is set down
Among our darkest deeds." T.

"SEND UP THE PETITIONS!"

How often do we hear the call, "send up the petitions!" So much stress is laid upon petitioning *Congress*, that I am almost afraid abolitionists are forgetting that there is any *higher* court of appeal. Is there not danger of setting Congress "above all that is called God"? I, for one, am sick of this *praying to men*. When the apostles were bound in prison, where did those, who wished the abolition of *that* bondage, go with petitions? To the sanhedrim? To human rulers? No. They went to the court of *Heaven*; to Him who hears the ravens, when they cry. Let abolitionists call upon God, that He would overrule events for the peaceful abolition of slavery; and the great prison will heave with an earthquake; its inmates will go free; and even the *keepers* will be saved from blood and sin. ELIJAH.

FREE PRODUCE.

At a meeting of the Colerain Anti-Slavery Society, held 4th month 6th, 1842, the following resolutions were partially discussed, and referred to an adjourned meeting of the society, to be held at Oxford meeting-house, 1st of 6th month, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Whereas, American slavery reduces human beings to "chattels personal," deprives them of their "inalienable right to liberty," and claims for the master the proceeds of their labor, without requiring an equivalent: therefore,

Resolved, That such a system is an infringement of the sacred rights of humanity, and a gross violation of the laws of God.

Resolved, That the consumption of the produce of the slave's labor, is the means whereby the slaveholder is sustained.

Resolved, That those who partake of such produce, knowingly, are guilty of perpetuating slavery.

Resolved, That a system of entire abstinence, by those who profess to be opposed to slavery, would be one of the most efficient remedies for its ultimate extinction.

Resolved, That we recommend to the friends of humanity, everywhere, that they embrace the principles of abstinence, as an important part of their measures, for the final overthrow of American slavery.

THE WAY TO MAKE ABOLITIONISTS.

I have a dear brother residing in a remote part of Indiana, who for many years has cherished strong prejudices against the anti-slavery cause. Some months since, I ordered the Standard sent to his address, hoping by that means to get access to a heart which I knew was characterized by benevolent feelings, and kind and generous impulses. The result has more than realized my hopes. I have just received a letter from him, of which the following is an extract:

"Let me thank you for the presents you sent me—I mean the two papers. I say two, because I discovered by your letter that you were apprehensive that one of them would not be very highly appreciated; but you were mistaken—or, rather, *I* was; for, previous to that time, I felt no interest in the principles of abolition.—But now it is different. The Standard is always read before the Tribune; although (being a staunch whig) I regard the latter as the best political paper in the United States. The fact is, the discussion in Congress, relative to the censure of John Quincy Adams, and the more recent one in relation to Mr. Giddings, aroused my attention and set me to thinking, as they have thousands of others; and I am compelled, although against my will, to be an abolitionist."

I send you this extract in the hope that it may incite others to use the same means of converting their friends and acquaintances to the anti-slavery cause. In this way abolitionists might do a great deal of good. The result, in one instance, has proved so gratifying, that I have determined, though poor, to subscribe for another copy, to be used in a similar way. O.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. LVII.

The Fraudulent Indenture.

A family in Accomac county, in the State of Virginia, by the name of Stokely, owned a number of slaves.—Some members of it embraced the doctrines of the Society of Friends, and joined the Society. Having previously become convinced of the iniquity of holding human beings in bondage, they had manumitted them.—About the year 1820, I think, one of those slaves concluded to go to Philadelphia, to seek for employment. Soon after arriving in that city, she made application to Isaiah Knight, who kept an intelligence office, to procure a situation for her. Knight stated that she must pay him twenty-five cents. This was done. He professed great friendship for the woman, and *kindly* invited her to make her home at his house, until he could find a situation; telling her that he would not make any charge for her board. In the course of a week or ten days, he informed her that he had procured a place for her, and had made a good bargain. He also told her that she must go before a magistrate, and sign the articles of agreement, without asking any questions; as he would attend and see that all was right. He was a plausible fellow, and had fully obtained the confidence of the stranger, who had not the least suspicion of any trick in the business. Accordingly, they went before George Bartram, a magistrate of Philadelphia, where they were met by John Huffnagle, who kept a hardware store, at the corner of Market and Fifth streets, in that city. The articles of agreement, already prepared, were duly executed, and the woman went home with Huffnagle. After remaining in his service some time, she asked for the privilege of going out of an evening; this was denied. She was not permitted to put her foot into the street, on any occasion. At length, she asked for her wages; when she was informed that she was an indented servant, for the term of five years; and that Huffnagle had paid Isaiah Knight one hundred and fifty dollars for her. This information greatly alarmed her, but she did not know how to seek for a remedy. After remaining in this situation several months, Huffnagle hired a colored man, who had been a coachman several years for Samuel R. Fisher, a relation of Joseph G. Rowland, the husband of the colored woman's former mistress. She made her case known to this man, who communicated the circumstances to S. R. Fisher; and he called upon me, and informed me of them. He also wrote to Joseph G. Rowland, who resided in Delaware, giving the like information to him; in consequence of which, he went to Philadelphia, and called upon me. I accompanied him to see Huffnagle, and asked permission to have an interview with the woman; this was refused. We then informed him that the whole transaction was fraudulent, and that the indenture by which he held the woman, was void. He alledged that the woman had voluntarily signed it; and that if there was fraud in the business, she had made herself a party to it, and must abide the consequences. In reply to this, he was informed, that the woman was ignorant, and had been imposed upon by Knight; and that his refusing to permit her to go out of his house, furnished occasion for suspicion that he was privy to the deception practised upon her.

He appeared much exasperated, and declared that he would hold the woman, in spite of all we could do. I told him we had no wish to put him to any expense or trouble, and advised him to consult some respectable lawyer; with a promise to call again, we left him. The next morning we repeated our visit; when he informed us he had pursued our advice, and had ascertained that the indenture was valid. I asked who was his adviser. He replied, "lawyer Allibone." I told him that he knew Allibone was a very intemperate man, whose opinion could not be relied on; and recommended him to call upon some person who was more worthy of confidence. He, however, declined to follow our counsel; saying he was perfectly satisfied. We then informed him that we would suspend any further proceedings till the next day; being unwilling to institute a suit at law if it could possibly be avoided; at the same time giving him to understand that the woman was free, and that we were determined to secure her liberty. J. G. Rowland represented to him the circumstances in relation to her becoming free; that she had been the slave of his wife, who, from a conscientious conviction of the iniquity of holding her in bondage, had freely given her her freedom; and that he could not now quietly acquiesce in her being defrauded of it. We then returned home, leaving him to reflect upon the matter. In the afternoon, the woman called at my house, and informed me that Huffnagle had discharged her; and thus the matter ended.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1842.

PRO-SLAVERY IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

It is the universal fate of religious systems to degenerate and decay. With increase of numbers and influence comes corruption. Poverty and persecution seem absolutely necessary to preserve the purity of a church, and keep the members faithful to its principles. It was thus with primitive Christianity. The waters gushed pure and clear from their fountain; but how soon they became discolored by the soil through which they passed, and rendered turbid by artificial obstructions! Words uttered in heavenly meekness, came to be the engines of pride and power; and brotherly love was changed to fear and hatred.

The reformation did much to rescue Christianity from its degradation; but it sent forth a thousand forms of falsehood and selfishness, under its sacred name, and parted the broad heritage of truth into narrow pen-folds. Universal harmony should fill her holy temple; but lo! it resounds with the echoing din of jarring sects.

Quakerism seemed to be a sort of second Protestant reformation. Through its influence, religion again stepped forth in the simplicity of its childhood. Leaving every soul to the guidance of internal light, it seemed to carry within itself a guaranty for spiritual freedom, and a safeguard against persecution. Its principles were stamped with the broad seal of Heaven, in the fruits they bore. Half a century before any other sect agitated the important questions of war, drunkenness, and slavery, the Society of Friends refused to retain within its fold, men who fought battles, or shared in the proceeds of privateering, or held slaves, or distilled or sold intoxicating liquors. This was the beautiful result of regarding religion simply as a rule of *life*, a pillar of fire to guide each individual soul. It is this which makes the early history of the Quakers to me an object of reverence. It rises up in my memory, like a beautiful temple, of stainless, white marble, severe in its Doric simplicity, founded on a rock, and embraced by the blue heavens. Why is it that it has for me this charm, and has been to my soul such a minister of good? It is because it never looked *outward* for guidance; because it preached the great truth of perpetual revelation of God's will to the humble and truthful soul; and thus preserved the sacred ark of individual freedom untouched by profane hands.

How is it *now?* Had I any sectarian partiality for the society, I should implore to have a veil thrown over the answer. Committees are now appointed to decide whether the spirit moves in one of its members, or not; and the consciences of individuals are required to be governed by the views of a majority.

I was never more struck with this fact, than in a conversation which I held with one of its ministers, on her way to a southern city, where she felt she had a call to preach. She was an amiable, kind-hearted woman, whose vision on one subject was much obscured by strong prejudice against color. This was the fashion of our talk:

E. I am sorry there are divisions among the Society of Friends, on the subject of slavery.

M. I am sorry, too. It shows the presence of evil.

E. It seems as if there was no need of it. As if we might all agree.

M. You would all agree, if the society were as pure as it once was.

E. I believe I am as sincere a friend to the slave, as Isaac T. Hopper, or Charles Marriott; but I could not bring my mind to join with other sects, in getting up excitement on this subject.

M. If Friends did their duty, (judging them by the standard of their own testimonies,) they would *themselves* be an anti-slavery society; and their members would have no inducement to work with others. For myself, I believe it does good for people of all sorts of opinions to unite together in works of benevolence; but if Friends have conscientious scruples, lest more dangers than benefits result from such a process, they can easily avoid it, by working within their own premises. All I ask of them is, to do their part in this great work.

E. Surely they *have* done a great share.

M. Ancestors cannot do *our* work, neither can posterity. One great reason of the obvious lifelessness in the Society of Friends is, that they rely so much on the merits of their progenitors. The grain of last year, buried in the ground, is not what we must rely upon for nourishment and strength; it is the annual fruit from the living and vigorous stem, which that seed produces. I grant that the seed sown by early Friends was of Heaven's best; but I fear it has fallen into a sterile soil; for I see but a meagre harvest.

E. This is a peculiarly exciting question; and we, you know, as a people, are lovers of peace. We want to do everything in the quiet.

M. George Fox was one of the greatest disturbers of the peace, since the days of Paul. I do not believe a week of his life passed, without some proceeding on his part, for which he would have been disowned by the respectable societies of modern Friends; and, if that remarkable man were to return *now*, with the same spirit within him which stitched his perennial suit of leather, and walked into "steeple-houses," in defiance of stones and brick-bats, sure I am he would disown *them*. Truth is *always* exciting, in proportion to its importance, and the degree of its perversion in the public mind. Because George Fox faced lions in *his* pilgrimage, do you expect to be exempted from all disagreeable growls in *your* spiritual path?

E. Certainly not. I encounter lions every day. But this subject of slavery is a settled question in our society. We have cleared our skirts of it.

M. Therein it appears to me you make a great mistake. It was the business of Benjamin Lay, and John Woolman, and Anthony Benezet, to do the difficult work of making Friends apply their principles to the *holding* of slaves. They fought bravely, and accomplished their task. It is now the business of Isaac T. Hopper, and Charles Marriott, and James S. Gibbons, and Rowland T. Robinson, and Lucretia Mott, and Nathaniel Barney, and James C. Fuller, and Joseph C. Hathaway, and Joseph Carpenter, and a host of other honest and true souls, to induce the Society of Friends to apply their own principles to the strong spirit of *pro-slavery and prejudice against color*, which has grown up in their midst. If you are guiltless of holding slaves yourselves, you are strengthening the hands of those who do. Public sentiment has become thoroughly perverted; it is a matter of absolute necessity that it should be purified; and all lovers of Christian principles, and free institutions, ought to assist; each in his own way, and according to his own light. If the Society of Friends have no light on the subject, it is because their skirts are *not* cleared of slavery. It sticks to them like burs, in the form of cotton. If you wish to learn why it is that the Quakers persecute *anti*-slavery, while they bear a "*silent* testimony" against *slavery*, you have but to look at the shipping lists, and see how many cargoes of cotton are owned by Friends. The evil does not stop with those directly concerned in the business. Every man has more or less social influence; and these men, being capitalists, have the increased influence that belongs to wealth and worldly respectability; moreover, though doing wrong in some things, they have, perchance, many excellent qualities, which inspire esteem; and thus, like pious slaveholders, they do more harm than many worse men. Prejudice against color is another thing that hood-winks conscience. As a society, you have slept over these sins, till they have attained to a giant growth. While you verily think you are guiltless of slavery, your religious, social, and civil influence all combine to sustain it. Apostles are needed to inform you of this; as John Woolman was needed to stir the consciences of those who slept over the sin of slaveholding. Apostles *are* sent; and forthwith the cry is, "Cast them out! Cast them out! They disturb the peace of society."

E. But surely there is a *way* of telling truth, without stirring up strife. I could go through the South, without creating an enemy; and yet I would tell them all the human family were brethren. John Woolman convinced men, without making them angry.

M. Your assertions are not sustained by history.—Those who first tried to abolish the sin of slaveholding in the Society of Friends, made themselves exceedingly unpopular thereby. The work which our *fathers* did, is very apt to seem much easier than that which *we* have to perform. Looking back through the long lapse of time, great obstacles are overlooked in the distance; while we may stumble over a small pebble that lies at our feet. John Woolman *did* give great offense to many respectable slaveholding Friends, who were influential members, like the cotton dealers of the present day. He was made to feel this, in many ways, that pained his gentle spirit. At one time, the monthly meeting refused him a certificate, when he was called to preach. He was accused of not keeping to his own work; of meddling with that which did not concern him; and so conscious was he of his unpopularity, that at the gatherings of Friends, he often meekly requested to take his meals alone, that others might not be offended by his company.

When John Farmer, came on a religious visit to Friends, from England, he felt constrained to bear a testimony against slaveholding in the society; and so far as we have record, he was the *first* that made public exhortation to that effect. Was the truth then more agreeable than it now is, to those who are living in habitual disobedience to its teachings? By no means. An influential Friend, who held negroes, rose up in the meeting, and "desired Friends to look upon that man as an open enemy to the country." If you had lived in those olden times, you would not have found the ruling elders then much more willing to give up their *slaves*, than the ruling elders now are to relinquish their *prejudices*, and their *cotton trading*. You say you might go to the South and announce that all the human family were brothers, without giving offense. Very likely you might; but tell them that the white brother has no right to compel his black brother to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, and I think you will not find yourself outwardly in the quiet.

E. I suppose you think I. T. Hopper, and Charles Marriott, and James S. Gibbons, are doing their duty? They are good men, I believe; but I do dislike this stirring up of strife.

M. Then you are bound in consistency to blame George Fox, and all the early Friends. As for the individuals of whom you speak, I do think they are doing their duty; but it is of no consequence what I think, or what you think. The question is, do their own consciences require them to pursue this course? Would you have a man submit his own inward light to the decision of a majority, and try to see as *they* see?

E. Certainly not. Every man must look for his own guide *within*.

M. Then say no more against disturbing the peace. These men feel called to utter a truth; and for their own soul's sake, they *must* utter it. It were far wiser to inquire why the promulgation of an obviously true principle *does* disturb the quiet of a religious society.—L. M. C.

THE COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

On the first page will be found an article from the Liberia Herald, showing the practical results of the immense sums expended on this prince of humbugs. Among the innumerable vexations of our anti-slavery pilgrimage, we have found nothing half so annoying as the false pretensions of this hypocritical scheme, and the remarkable gullibility of the public. Rashness, one-sided zeal, offensive coarseness, all sorts of mistakes *honestly* made, may be lightly passed over by a generous temperament, and an enlarged philosophy; but this squirming, twisting, slippery, two-faced policy—the straight-forward and downright soul can hold no patience with it! The colonization society is anything and everything by turns; and always nothing, so far as beneficial results are concerned. It is like the trader, who being asked his standard of prices, answered, "That's according as I light o'chaps." This society should carry a serpent for its banner; the fangs and the sinuosities are both characteristic. We never hear its name mentioned without thinking of a green snake in the grass, wriggling along, and saying to himself, "They won't find me out! They won't find me out! My skin and the grass is the same color."

This may sound like partisan rancor; but it is merely the result of a temperament that cannot endure indirectness of any sort. That a vast deal of money and energy have been expended in this cause, from the most benevolent and disinterested motives, we have no manner of doubt; but the truly benevolent would never have aided it, had they understood its character. Those who bestow merely a passing and impulsive attention on its claims, may well be excused for *not* understanding it; for it has a face turned toward every point of the compass, and a dialect changeable as the wind. To the pious, it calls itself a missionary society; to the merchant, its purpose is to establish important commercial relations on the coast of Africa; to the statesman, it is to obtain colonial accession of territory to our government, by possession and cunning diplomacy; to the half abolitionist, its object is progressive emancipation, and the gradual improvement of the colored race; to the slaveholder, its purpose is to *prevent emancipation*, and increase the value of slaves.

Does any one, at this time of day, need proof that colonization is the hand-maid of slavery? If so, take a few among thousands of proofs from their own records. The society was originally organized at Washington, under the patronage of slaveholders. Mr. Randolph's speech, published in their first annual report, declares that, "being himself a slaveholder, he thought it necessary to show that the society, so far from being in the smallest degree connected with the

as to say, that if the society expected the co-operation of the country, "it must not have the abolition of slavery for its immediate object, nor must it aim directly at the *instruction* of the blacks."

If it be asked what *is* the intention of this society, I answer, that those who pull the wire, and know what the machinery is set up for, have one direct object; and that is to drive out of the country the inconvenient surplus of colored population, that slavery may the more securely strengthen its stakes and enlarge its borders. A troubled conscience induced many slaveholders to emancipate their slaves on their death-bed; the laws interfered awhile to arrest this in Virginia; but in the meantime a numerous class of free colored persons had grown up, whose proximity is felt to be dangerous to slavery. In allusion to this population, one of the Virginia legislators said, in the famous debate of 1832, "Either moral or physical force must be used to *compel* them to go." They make laws and customs to bear upon them in an outrageously oppressive manner, and then point to colonization as the only mode of relief from intolerable burdens; and this they call "*moral* force."

The origin and bearings of this scheme have been so often explained, and such ample proof given from their own authorities, that it is marvellous the public can be longer deceived; this can be accounted for only by the fact that popular prejudices are sedulously ministered to, while kindly impulses are aroused. One would think that Mr. Gurley, and other of its active agents, would, long ere this, have been tired of

"Lowering buckets into empty wells,
And drawing nothing up."

But of late, they have taken a fresh start; as if trusting to the forgetfulness of the public concerning what has been over and over again proved. A great Colonization Convention has been held at Washington, a fitting place for such jesuitical and oppressive schemes against the colored people, under the guise of friendship; and meetings have been held in Philadelphia, New-York, and several other cities. On these occasions, persuasive appeals are made to prejudice, and grandiloquent descriptions are given of what Africa *may* become, under the missionary influence of that class described as so ignorant and vicious, that they are a perfect moral nuisance at home. We apprehend that the Liberia Herald is not passed round in such meetings, as a proof of improvement in the pet colony; at least, not the number from which we have quoted on our first page. We believe that statement; not because we are desirous to believe anything and everything against colonization; but because a society starting on a principle as wicked as it is false, cannot, by the eternal laws of the universe produce healthy and beneficial results. How can those help to raise the character of a class who despise that class? Who start with the doctrine that they are and must be inferior, because God made them to be "servants of servants" to their brethren? Men must acquire some self-respect before they can rise in moral and intellectual worth; and how can they learn it under the tutelage of those who make a contemptuous line of demarcation between themselves and those they talk of elevating? How can those who join hands with the slaveholder, and promise to promote his interests, be at the same time genuine friends of the African?

Some of our missionaries to India have tried a similar game. Thinking to make Christianity popular among the natives by flattering existing prejudices, they forbore to announce the gospel doctrine of the brotherhood of man, and actually consented to have separate sets of communion vessels, for converts belonging to the different *castes!* because in that part of the world the higher castes consider it an abomination to eat or drink from the same vessels that have been used by the poorer castes. Those acquainted with the history of missions are well aware how much converts thus gained were worth. A spurious principle always produces spurious results.

Among many active agencies lately at work to resuscitate this wicked scheme, we observe a jesuitical article in the Repository of March last, in which there is more than the usual amount of palaver and deception; while our national lust for acquiring territory is appealed to, under the specious pretext of philanthropy. Lest slaveholders had not already received sufficient proofs of colonization allegiance, this article reiterates: "To the South, we say it operates to allay and retard the overzealous action of those who seem intent solely and wholly upon *emancipation* in the United States." With what diplomatic caution is this sentence worded, so as to reassure the slaveholder, without absolutely shocking the northern spirit, which holds slavery in abhorrence!

The New-York Observer, noted for its pro-slavery character, thus called attention to the Colonization Convention, to be held at Washington:

"It is of vital consequence that the resources of the society should be increased. Many free persons of color are anxious to remove to Liberia; and we learn that benevolent masters are seriously considering how far it is their duty to look to Liberia, as the future home and inheritance of their slaves. But *this colony needs the protection and aid of government;* and it becomes a question of deep interest, how far such protection *can be* legitimately, and therefore should be extended to it."

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce likewise wrote:

"The colonization society have held repeated meetings here lately. They were respectably attended, and were very interesting. Their *immediate object* is to obtain from the *government* some aid, either *directly* or *indirectly*, in behalf of the American colonies in Africa. A government agent there, and an adequate naval force, are necessary to protect the trade of the United States in that quarter, *as well as* to promote the interests of colonization. Without this aid, the colonies must soon fall, with the whole trade, into the hands of Great Britain. Most of the trade is already carried on by England."

The scheme of government aid was accordingly broached in the convention at Washington, and warmly sustained by senators and representatives from the slave States; and by them it was ushered into Congress. With characteristic duplicity, however, colonization did not utter its own name, but asked for aid in the name of a "commercial interest." The only way we can account for the continued activity of this society, is by the old proverb, that "some things are so *crooked*, they can't lie still."

R. M. T. H., the admirable letter-writer of the New-York American, is generally understood to be David Bacon, brother of the Rev. Leonard Bacon. We have been told that he was formerly a zealous agent of the colonization society, and has been to Liberia and seen for himself. Speaking of a discussion in Congress, on the appropriation bill, May 16th, he thus writes from Washington:

"When the Senate amendments were last before the House, on Thursday, a paltry amendment was thrown in by Mr. Wise, of Virginia, aided by a short speech from Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, appropriating $5,000, to be expended under the direction of the President, for the salaries of *commercial agents* of the United States on the west coast of Africa. This was very slyly and quietly carried, in a very thin house,—nobody present knowing anything about the matter; and all being satisfied with Underwood's statement, about its importance to our trade, and to the suppression of the slave trade. I was not in, at the time; but on finding it reported next morning, I saw the meaning of the thing at a glance, and took pains to expose it to senators and others.

"In the first place, there is no such thing in the world as a "commercial agent," of any nation, on the west coast of Africa. The British, French, Portuguese, Dutch and Danish have expensive colonies and castles on the Windward coast, and on the Gold coast, with governors, garrisons, and large civil and military establishments; but the great palm oil trade is carried on, for the most part, on the Grain and Ivory coasts, and in the Bights of Benin and Biafra, where no European government agents would be even tolerated by the jealous natives; and where we now, so far as our capital goes, enjoy facilities equal to those of "the most favored nations," by which we profit beyond them, by our superior address, intelligence, economy and promptitude.

"But there are three or four little, pestilential, starving settlements of American negroes scattered along the Grain coast, that have been kept in a kind of prolonged death-agony, for 10 or 20 years, by the misplaced charities of a deluded American public, who are now waking up so far to a sense of the delusion that has been practiced upon them, that their charity to this scheme of transportation and human sacrifice proves to be not of the sort that "never faileth." The salaries of "colonization agents," are the desiderata sought to be supplied by this new scheme of picking the public pocket; because the contributions of the weary remnant of colonizationists will hardly pay a decent support to their "agents," on this side of the water.

"As for the influence of the American negro settlements on the Grain coast, upon the palm oil trade, it has been altogether destructive. They have brought consumers and not producers, who have nearly eaten up the trade wherever they have fixed themselves, and driven the palm oil traders to seek their cargoes in places remote from where it flourished before. The presence of the lazy, shiftless, improvident, profligate colonists, has corrupted the natives in their neighborhoods, and caused them to retrograde in industry and enterprise, in spite of the strong counteracting influence of the devoted missionaries of the Baptist, Episcopalian and Congregational stations at Bassa and Cape Palmas. I write what I know from personal observation; and my old associate and friend, the Rev. John Leighton Wilson, of Cape Palmas, is still there, to bear his *repeated*, (though hitherto here suppressed,) testimony against this hideous, murderous, unchristian scheme.

"If anybody, (editor or otherwise,) who has heretofore "written whole acres in favor of colonization," would like to take up cudgels for it, let him come on. And if any of them have a mind to try again to cheat the government out of money, which they can no longer cheat the public out of, let them try it. I will let them know that "I am in town with a pocket full of rocks," as they say in Arkansas. I will make it my business to expose other roguries, as I did this. The Senate threw out the appropriation with contempt, and the House silently receded, when it was returned to them. Not a creature opened his mouth in its defense.

"As to the effect of the colonies on the slave trade, it is notorious there that our American negro settlements have been a main auxiliary of the slavers, and a shelter to them for many years. And in return, the slavers, by employing our blacksmiths, coopers, and carpenters, and by hiring our warehouses, kept the colony from almost total ruin and starvation, in 1837 and 1838.

RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION IN THE ENGLISH WEST INDIES.

This is the title of an extremely well-written lecture before the Philomathian Society of New-York, by John Jay, son of Judge Jay. Judging by this pamphlet, the venerable name he bears is not unworthily bestowed.—It is a goodly sight to see the freeman's mantle thus descending to son and grandson. God keep them and their descendants as strong and bold for human rights, as was their illustrious ancestor!

We give the following brief extract:

"Having glanced at the steps which led to the abolition of the slave trade, we pass to a review of the measures which preceded the abolition of West India slavery. And here we may remark, that we are opening a new page in the history of the world. There is no chapter, it is true, that has not its own interest, or which teaches not its peculiar lesson. Those which depict the rise and fall of kindoms, the advance and decay of nations, the mutations and ravages of time, furnish abundant food for melancholy reflection. In all, we may trace the workings of the hopes, and fears, and passions, which exist in every breast, and learn that human expectations are generally disappointed; that pride is sure to be humbled, and soaring ambition to meet a fall; that despotic power always becomes tyrannical, and that tyranny, in its corrupting and blighting influence, is sooner or later its own avenger. *But we seek in vain for the results of honesty, justice and kindness, as exemplified in the dealings of nation towards nation: or in the conduct of the mighty and powerful towards the defenseless and the weak. It was reserved for England to furnish this missing chapter in the history of the world—this unlimned picture in the Gallery of Time.*"

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 25.

The Battery is growing charming again, now that Nature has laid aside her pearls, and put on her emeralds. The worst of it is, crowds are flocking there morning and evening; yet I am ashamed of that antisocial sentiment. It does my heart good to see the throng of children trundling their hoops and rolling on the grass; some with tattered garments and dirty hands, come up from narrow lanes and stifled courts, and others with pale faces and weak limbs, the sickly occupants of heated drawing-rooms. But while I rejoice for their sakes, I cannot overcome my aversion to a multitude.—It is so pleasant to run and jump, and throw pebbles, and make up faces at a friend, without having a platoon of well-dressed people turn round and stare, and ask, "Who *is* that strange woman, that acts so like a child?" Those who are truly enamored of Nature, love to be alone with her. It is with them as with other lovers; the intrusion of strangers puts to flight a thousand sweet fancies, as fairies are said to scamper at the approach of a mortal footstep.

I rarely see the Battery, without thinking how beautiful it must have been before the white man looked upon it—when the tall, solemn forest came down to the water's edge, and bathed in the moonlight stillness. The solitary Indian came out from the dense shadows, and stood in the glorious brightness. As he leaned thoughtfully on his bow, his crest of eagles' feathers waved slowly in the gentle evening breeze; and voices from the world of spirits spoke into his heart, and stirred it with a troubled reverence, which he felt but could not comprehend. To us, likewise, they are ever speaking through many-voiced Nature; the soul, in its quiet hour, listens intently to the friendly entreaty, and strives to guess its meaning. All around us, on hill and dale, the surging ocean and the evening cloud, they have spread open the illuminated copy of their scriptures—revealing all things, if we could but learn the language!

The Indian did not *think* this; but he *felt* it, even as I do. What have we gained by civilization? It is a circling question, the beginning and end of which everywhere touch each other. One thing is certain; they who pass through the ordeal of high civilization, with garments unspotted by the crowd, will make far higher and holier angels—will love more, and know more, than who those went to their Father's house through the lonely forest-path. But looking at it only in relation to this earth, there is much to be said in favor of that wild life of savage freedom, as well as much against it. It would be so pleasant to get rid of that nightmare of civilized life—"What will Mrs. Smith say?" and "Do you suppose folks will think strange?" It is true that phantom troubles me but little; having snapped my fingers in its face years ago, it mainly vexes me by keeping me forever from a full insight into the souls of others.

Should I have learned more of the spirit's life, could I have wandered at midnight with Pocahontas, on this fair island of Manhattan? I should have, at least, learned *all;* the soul of nature's child might have lisped, and stammered in broken sentences, but it would not have muttered through a mask.

The very name of this island brings me back to civilization, by a most unpleasant path. It was in the autumn of 1609 that the celebrated Hudson first entered the magnificent river that now bears his name, in his adventurous yacht, The Half Moon. The simple Indians were attracted by the red garments and bright buttons of the strangers; and as usual, their new friendship was soon sealed with the accursed "fire-water." On the island where the city now stands, they had a great carouse; and the Indians, in commemoration thereof, named it Manahachtanienks, abbreviated, by rapid speech, to Manhattan; the meaning of it is, "*The Place where all got Drunk Together.*" As I walk through the crowded streets, I am sometimes inclined to think the name is by no means misapplied at the present day.

New-York is beautiful now, with its broad rivers glancing in the sunbeams, its numerous islands, like fairy homes, and verdant headlands jutting out in graceful curves into its spacious harbor, where float the vessels of a hundred nations. But oh, how beautiful it must have been, when the thick forest hung all around Hudson's lonely bark! When the wild deer bounded through paths where swine now grunt and grovel!—*That* chapter of the world's history was left unrecorded here below; but historians above have it on their tablets; for it wrote itself there in daguerreotype.

Of times far less ancient, the vestiges are passing away; recalled sometimes by names bringing the most contradictory associations. Maiden Lane is now one of the busiest of commercial streets; the sky shut out with bricks and mortar; gutters on either side, black as the ancients imagined the rivers of hell; thronged with sailors and draymen; and redolent of all wharf-like smells. Its name, significant of innocence and youthful beauty, was given in the olden time, when a clear, sparkling rivulet here flowed from an abundant spring, and the young Dutch girls went and came with baskets on their heads, to wash and bleach linen in the flowing stream, and on the verdant grass.

Greenwich street, which now rears its huge masses of brick, and shows only a long vista of dirt and paving-stones, was once a beautiful beach, where boys and horses went in to bathe. In the middle of what is now the street, was a large rock, on which was built a rude summer-house, from which the merry bathers loved to jump, with splash and ringing shouts of laughter.

I know not from what Pearl street derives its name; but, in more senses than one, it is now obviously a "pearl cast before swine."

The Bowery, with name so flowery, where the discord of a thousand wheels is overtopped by shrill street-cries, was a line of orchards and mowing-land, in rear of the olden city, called in Dutch, the Bouwerys, or Farms; and in popular phrase, "The High Road to Boston." In 1631, old Governor Stuyvesant bought the "Bouwerys," (now so immensely valuable, in the market sense,) for 6,400 guilders, or £1,066; houses, barn, six cows, two horses, and two young negro slaves, were included with the land. He built a Reformed Dutch church at his own expense, on his farm, within the walls of which was the family vault. The church of St. Mark now occupies the same site, and on the outside wall stands his original grave stone, thus inscribed:

"In this vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant, late Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of Amsterdam in New Netherland, now called New-York, and the Dutch West India Islands. Died August, A. D. 1682, aged 80 years." A pear tree stands without the wall, still vigorous, though brought from Holland and planted there by the governor himself. His family, still among the wealthiest of our city aristocracy, have preserved some curious memorials of their venerable Dutch ancestor. A portrait in armor, well executed in Holland, probably while he was admiral there, represents him as a dark complexioned man, with strong, bold features, and mustachois on the upper lip. They likewise preserve the shirt in which he was christened; of the finest Holland linen, edged with narrow lace.

Near the Battery is a green inclosure, called the Bowling Green, where once stood a leaden statue of George II.; an appropriate metal for the heavy house of Hanover. During the revolution, the poor king was pulled down and dragged irreverently through the streets, to be melted into bullets for the war. He would have deemed this worse than being

"Turned to clay,
To stop a hole that keeps the wind away."

However, the purpose to which his image was applied, would probably have been less abhorrent to him, than it would be to the apostles to know the uses to which *they* are applied by modern Christians.

I have no more leisure now; but at some future time, perhaps you and I will look through parting clouds for another peep at the olden time.—L. M. C.

BOOKS FOR THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Those who wish for books of this description, will do well to call upon Isaac T. Hopper, 143 Nassau street, and look at the remainder of his stock as a bookseller. It comprises works interesting to both branches of the Society of Friends; and among them are many not for sale elsewhere. We hope our friends at the Yearly meeting will avail themselves of this opportunity; and thus accommodate themselves, while they benefit a worthy man, whose worldly goods have always been held in trust for God's suffering poor.

☞ TAKE NOTICE.—A friend informs us that it was Mr. Chandler, of the United States Gazette, and *not* Mr. Robert Walsh, with whom we held a conversation on slavery, and he admitted that his wife held slaves. It is probably no injustice to Mr. Walsh to suppose that he would not be ashamed of holding slaves; but it is needless to assure our readers that we never *intentionally* misrepresented him, or any other man. We verily believed it was Robert Walsh. Those editors who have copied the charge, will please to correct it.

FINANCES.—The Report of the Committee of Forty, on the sphere of operations, and the funds to be raised for the American Society, will be published next week.—They earnestly recommend that *fifty thousand dollars* be raised and expended during the coming year, in the employment of agents, and the circulation of anti-slavery publications. The receipts of the society this year, were about $3,000 more than the previous year.

☞ The next Annual Meeting of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Norristown, and will commence its sessions on Monday, the first of August. Arrangements are about to be made, which will insure a large attendance, and a meeting of more than common interest.

ERRATA.—In the last paper, in the article on Caleb Cushing, it should have been printed, "Yet here he is playing the bravo on *a question* now under the consideration," &c. The italicised words were omitted.

☞ Isaac T. Hopper, Charles C. Burleigh, and L. M. Child, were not mentioned in the list of the Executive Committee, because the Secretaries and Treasurer are always a part of the committee, by virtue of their office.

☞ We forgot to mention that we were indebted to the excellent reports of the New-York Evangelist, for the speeches at our anniversary. We had no reporter of our own present.

Anti-Slavery Items.

FRUITS OF EMANCIPATION!—Bermuda papers state that at the Court of General Assize, *there was not one indictment or civil suit for the jury to try!* This is the first instance of the kind on record. An immense majority of the inhabitants of this island were emancipated from slavery in 1833; the planters preferring immediate emancipation to the apprenticeship system.

A special magistrate of St. Lucia, thus writes to Joseph Sturge, November, 1841:

When I contrast their condition and habits now, with what they were a few years ago, during slavery, and even in apprenticeship, the change seems almost magical; and yet liberty (by the blessing of God) has alone done all this. The people are the same, but they are no longer callous and heart-broken under the cruelties and wretchedness of slavery. Instead of being trampled on, and treated worse than the very beasts of burden, they now feel themselves on a level with their fellow-creatures, and by word and deed show that they are so; whilst their steady and indefatigable industry, respectable deportment, and anxiety for education, falsify most triumphantly the predictions of those advocates for slavery, who foretold that the negroes, if freed, would relapse into a state of barbarism. I have never heard or read of any laboring population who have raised themselves from the depths of degradation to such respectability in so short a period as our negroes have done; and I rejoice to say, that their improvement in every respect is progressing.

A letter from the island of Dominica, to the same gentleman, November, 1841, says:

Great improvements have taken place in this island since the establishment of freedom. Many coffee estates on the verge of ruin, (this culture having been given up here,) have been converted into thriving sugar ones—expensive roads have been cut though stupendous rocks, and along precipitous mountains—roads that were never dreamt of before freedom. A set of sugar works of steam power has for the first time been introduced in this island, under the beneficent reign of freedom.

Lord Stanly has recently borne testimony in the British Parliament to the great improvement in the moral and social condition of the British West Indies.

Will the South take this lesson to heart? Are they blind to their own best interests? Are they determined to ruin themselves, for the glorious privilege of not being overcome by arguments and facts?

THE AMERICAN CHURCHES THE BULWARK OF AMERICAN SLAVERY! BY JAMES G. BIRNEY.—This important and interesting pamphlet is being republished in New-York, by Charles Whipple. Price 12 1-2 cents single, 10 cents by the dozen.

"OH NO, WE NEVER MENTION *Her.*"—The Friend of Man states that a considerable donation was recently received by the American Board of Foreign Missions, with special directions that it should be applied for the support of an anti-slavery missionary. In the receipt, it was merely acknowledged as given for the support of Jonathan S. Green, at the Sandwich Islands.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will hold its eighth annual meeting, at Concord, on June 3d.

THE UNION.—The American Union—is it of heaven, or of men? If of heaven, then it will bear the closest scrutiny, and the more it is examined, the brighter it will shine. Its friends will be ready, at all times, to measure the weapons of truth and argument with its foes, feeling that victory is sure. If of men, then it may be defective, oppressive, impious; and every citizen is bound to investigate its claims to homage. An infallible sign of its rottenness will be a determination, on the part of its professed admirers, to make all doubts on this subject a treasonable offense; and the more rotten it is, the louder will be their outcries when they perceive that a probe is about to be put into it.

We affirm that the Union is not of heaven. It is founded in unrighteousness, and cemented with blood.

Liberator.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.—Will any one tell us which will be the longest and most arduous labor, to abolish slavery at the North, or to dissolve the Union? Which of these two are legitimate anti-slavery movements? If the Union were dissolved to-morrow, who would form an anti-slavery movement South of the Potomac? Would not Pennsylvania immediately enact laws against the immigration of colored persons into her borders? If the Union were dissolved to-morrow, would that abolish slavery at the South? Would it destroy prejudice?—*People's Press.*

GEORGE THOMPSON.—This eloquent friend of freedom has lately received a magnificent present from the people of Southampton, England, in gratitude for his efforts in favor of a repeal of the corn laws. It was a massive silver salver, with the following inscription:—

"Such men are raised to station and command,
When Providence means mercy to a land:
He speaks, and they appear; to him they owe
Skill to direct, and skill to strike the blow.

This piece of plate, value 50 guineas, was presented to George Thompson, of Edinburgh, on the 14th of February, 1842, by fifteen hundred men and women of Southampton, in gratitude for his zealous and efficient services in the cause of suffering humanity; who, unlike the spurious philanthropists of the present day, that exhaust all their sympathies on foreign objects, not only pleads the cause of the half-starved millions at home, by powerfully advocating the repeal of the unrighteous corn and provision laws, but, like his great prototype, the immortal Howard—

Has traversed seas, ranged kingdoms, and brought home,
Not the proud monuments of Greece and Rome,
But knowledge, such as slavery can teach,
And only sympathy like his could reach.

WHAT'S AFOOT NOW?—Mr. Van Buren, after spending a season among the leading managers of affairs in South Carolina, Poinsett and the like, passed through Georgia and Alabama to Mobile, and New Orleans, then up the Mississippi to Kentucky, making a visit, by special invitation, to Henry Clay, before he goes to see the "old lion" at the hermitage.

The Emancipator, speaking of this says: "We must recur to the master rule of Mr. Van Buren's management of national politics—"TO CARRY THE NORTH BY PARTY MACHINERY, AND THE SOUTH BY FAVORING SLAVERY." It would be preposterous for a novice to pretend to fathom the schemes of a veteran in political tactics and intrigue. But even a common Yankee may guess that the annexation of Texas forms one important spoke in the wheel; and it would not be the greatest wonder, if an amicable arrangement with Henry Clay, secret but effective, should be another. Wherein do those two men now differ? Is their difference half so important in their own view, or in that of the South, as the interest of slavery in which they agree?"

The object of the annexation of Texas is thus boldly announced by Henry A. Wise of Virginia: "SLAVERY SHALL SPREAD ITSELF ABROAD WITHOUT RESTRAINT, AND FIND NO LIMIT BUT THE SOUTHERN OCEAN!"

Congressional.

In the words of the Emancipator, "Congress is still in a state of patient incubation 'for the relief of the country,' and, although there are no visible signs of vivification, yet from the manner of fluttering, and the tone of the cluck, some of the knowing ones anticipate that there will be marvellous results when they come."

In the Senate, Mr. Allen, of Ohio, has made persevering appeals in favor of the suffrage constitution of Rhode Island. (It *should* be called the demi-suffrage constitution; for if colored citizens should be half the population, they would not be allowed to vote.) Mr. Allen was much excited because the authorities of the United States, were pledged to stand by the constitutional authorities. He said the President had no right to decide, and ought not to be allowed to interfere; that a majority of the people had a right to change their government when they chose; apparently losing sight of the fact that such changes should be affected by *reform*, and not by *revolution*.

Mr. Linn, of Missouri, introduced a bill for refunding to Gen. Jackson the amount of the fine imposed upon him at the close of the late war, by Judge Hall, of New-Orleans; which was discussed at some length. Mr. Walker, of Mississippi, and Benton, of Missouri, sustained the bill as an act of gratitude due from the country, and as necessary to wipe off an apparent stain on Gen. Jackson's character.

Mr. Mangum wished the bill to go to a special committee.

Mr. Linn did not, in his bill, cast any reflections on the Judge. He might have been right, and Gen. Jackson also right If facts were wanted, let the record of the Court be referred to. That is easily got. We have the opinion of the merits of the case which was held by the ladies of New Orleans. That ought to be sufficient. These ladies paid the fine. We know well that Gen. Jackson, by his martial law, saved New Orleans. He was afraid that Gen. Jackson would die before this bill could be passed. He therefore opposed the recommitment.

He sent to the chair a letter just received from Gen. Jackson. Gen. J. thanks Mr. Linn for his motion on this subject,—says the money is no object to him,—but vindicates the propriety and necessity of his declaring martial law at New Orleans, and avers that without it the British would have got the city. He states that Judge Hall himself was in favor of declaring martial law, but afterwards did all he could to thwart the general's measures.

It is a mistake, he said, to suppose that the ladies paid the fine. He, Gen. J. paid every cent of it himself. The ladies did raise the money, but he requested them to give it to the orphans, who were made so by the battle.

The whigs proposed to amend the bill by the clause beginning with the word provided: "That there be restored and refunded to Gen. Andrew Jackson the amount of the fine and costs, with interest of 6 per cent. per annum, imposed on him by the District Court of the United States, for the District of Louisiana, for an alledged contempt of Court—Provided, that nothing herein contained shall be taken or construed as an expression of the opinion of Congress upon any of the legal proceedings of said Court."

The democratic party tried to defeat the amendment; and being unsuccessful, voted against the bill as amended. The bill was lost; yeas 17, nays 24.

The President has sent a message to both houses relative to the Florida war, estimating the number of Indians now remaining in Florida at 240, and 80 warriors; announcing that he has authorized the officer there in command, as soon as he shall deem it expedient, to declare a cessation of hostilities, not to be renewed unless rendered indispensable by hostilities on the part of the Indians; that he is instructed to endeavor to induce them to a peaceable surrender; and that orders have been given for establishing a military line of protection to the inhabitants. The President suggests the propriety of giving a quantity of land on the frontier to each head of a family who will permanently occupy it, and the loan of ammunitions of defense for the defense of the frontier, &c.

Mr. Preston said that hostility on the part of the government had already ceased, and expressed the opinion that the time had now arrived when the plan of an armed occupation could be adopted with economy and safety to the inhabitants. He moved the reference of the communication to the committee on military affairs, and its printing. Mr. Preston paid a high tribute to the gallantry and success of the commander in Florida, by whose exertions the war was so far ended that provision might be made for defense in the manner recommended by the President. Mr. Sevier expressed his opinion that ten Osage Indians had done more than any other person or persons to bring the war to a close.

The motion to refer and to print was carried.

In the House, Mr. Levy, of Florida protested against the President's message. He contended that the idea held out, that the war was ended in that territory, was not the fact; and showed that rapine, murder, and bloodshed, were still rife in that section. He then quoted a letter from Gov. Call, showing that the information on which the President based his message was incorrect; and said peace could not be obtained by the mere edict of the President. He asserted that there were at least one hundred and twenty warriors in active operation there at the present time.

Mr. Morgan, of New-York, and Cushing, of Massachusetts, sustained the message. It was ridiculous to put seventeen millions of people in the attitude of war with eighty or one hundred Indians,—which is all that are now in Florida by the statement of the gentleman himself.

Mr. M. A. Cooper, of Georgia, next took the floor, and showed that hostilities or war had not ceased, and would not cease, in that section of country, until every Indian was removed from the territory. He was very severe on the President and Gen. Scott, and other officers who have had a hand in the miserable affairs which have marked the last six or seven years of our history, in relation to those Indian hostilities. The bill was referred to be printed.

Much of the time of the House has been devoted to the appropriation bill.

Mr. Wise moved to amend the bill, by adding the words "and $5000 to commercial agents on the western coast of Africa," to be added to the clause which appropriates $30,000 for contingent expenses of all missions abroad. The amendment was concurred in.

This attempt to give the Colonization Society $5,000 a year, under pretense of sending commercial agents to the African coast, was defeated, by the refusal of the Senate to concur.

Most of the items on which the House disagreed, were compromised. The Boston custom house gets $75,000. The appropriation for the payment of existing dues for the finishing and furnishing of the New-York custom house, is not to exceed $28,000.

The bill has passed both Houses, and gone to the President for his signature.

The naval appropriation bill was the subject of long discussion. It proposes to give for that service, the current year, $6,850,000, being over a million less than the department asked for; but more than a million greater than has been voted for several years past.

Mr. Everett, of Vermont, made some statements concerning the very large number of naval appointments in Maryland and Virginia. It appeared to him there was obvious favoritism. He did not recollect that he had ever had the good fortune to get a person appointed, for whom he had made application.

Mr. Mallory, of Virginia, advocated a very lavish expenditure on the navy, and defended the *fair* distribution of appointments to Virginia. This is ground very naturally taken by our southern nobility. They have no established church, like the British, to support their younger sons at the expense of the people; and therefore they must make the most of the navy.

Mr. Caleb Cushing defended Secretary Upshur's magnificent estimates, and brought forward many reasons for the maintenance of an immense corps of well paid naval officers. It is to be hoped the South, contrary to their usual custom, will pay him well; for he works diligently in their service.

Mr. Calhoun, of Massachusetts, presented, under Mr. Adams's rule, the famous Northampton memorial, signed by about 300 citizens, which we lately published entire in the Standard. The Emancipator says: "It does not pray, as was formerly intimated, for a dissolution of the Union, but for a redress of grievances therein set forth, and a constitutional guaranty against their recurrence. It is an able and well-reasoned pamphlet, of 23 printed pages, understood to be from the pen of D. L. Child.—The speaker has it under advisement, to determine whether such a memorial can be entertained under the the rules and *usages* of our republican House of Representatives. What a question to raise! The memorial is sent, I presume, to every member of Congress; and I trust it will be widely circulated among the people.—It complains of the unequal taxation and the more unequal expenditure of the public revenue; of the flagitious perversion of the federal patronage in favor of slaveholders; the withdrawal of protection of the rights of citizenship; the espionage in the post office; the prostitution of our diplomacy to the interests of slavery; the conspiracy to make the free States active partners in the extension of slavery; and the destruction of the right of petition."

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 5th month, (May) 24th.

Received for the Standard.—The following persons paid each $2: Judge Jay, Bedford, Westchester co. N. Y.; Mrs. Jane Sedgwick, Stockbridge, Mass.; Mrs. Chas. Sedgwick, Lenox, Mass.; Owen Lovejoy, Princeton, Ill.; W. T. Allen, Peoria, Ill.; John Higgins, Wilkinsonville, Mass.; Edmund Quincy, Dedham, Mass.; Lucy Gates, Townsend, Mass.; Benj. Gould, Aurora, Cayuga co. N. Y.; James B. Bloss, Smyrna, Chenango co. N. Y.; Abm. Merritt, Bemas Heights, N. Y.; Francis Wright, Utica, N. Y.; John Ross, Chaplin, Windham co. Mass. David Fales, East Walpole, Mass. $1; A. Brooke, Oakland, Clinton county, Ohio, $10; Aquilla Harford, 3d, Short Creek, Harrison co. Ohio, $1.—Total, $38.

Donations.—Edmund Quincy, Denham, Mass. $1; Convers Francis, sen'r. Wayland, Mass. $20.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir Robert Peel is carrying all before him in Parliament, and is apparently growing stronger and stronger with the nation. His income tax bill goes through the House triumphantly, sustained by a large majority on every division. Eighty-two clauses had been offered and passed in committee. His tariff revision bill is pressed with equal success in the House of Lords. Everything seems to prosper with him.

The Chartists' petition, signed by 3,317,702 persons, was presented to the House of Commons on the 2d inst.

It was carried to the House accompanied by a procession bearing banners with various inscriptions: such as "The Sovereignty of the People," "The Charter," "Universal Charter," "No Surrender," "Liberty," and "Free Press." One of the flags, from the inscription of, "More pigs and less parsons,"with "Universal suffrage," occasioned a vast deal of amusement.

A great ball was to be given on the 12th inst. by the British magnates for the relief of the Spitalsfield weavers. The Queen requires all the English present to come in dresses of Spitalsfield silks. All are to be dressed in the costumes of their respective countries in the time of Edward III. This puzzled our Ambassador, Mr. Everett, who could not tell, at first, how to obey; but he has concluded to appear as an Indian Sachem.

The Duke of Wellington, who has just completed his 73d year, is about to retire from public life.

It is intended to give a public dinner in Liverpool to Washington Irving, on his landing from the Independence.

THE EAST.

The British in China have captured three other towns, namely, Yapoo, Tsikee, and Tunghova, which are situated within a circle extending from 20 to 40 miles round Ningpo.

Sir Henry Pottinger, who arrived at Hong Kong on the 1st of February, had abandoned the intention of attacking Canton. He was then concentrating all his forces, with the view of directing them on Pekin, and had refused to negotiate with the commissioners sent to him by the emperor, being determined not to treat but with the sovereign directly.

Mehemet Ali was at Minet-el-Gamk, in Lower Egypt, where he was anxiously engaged in agricultural pursuits, as he had formerly been devoted to the arts of war. He had constructed 600 sakies, or machines for irrigation, and the entire population was engaged in making embankments. For the purpose of improving the cotton growth in Egypt, he had imported three cargoes of cotton seed from Sennaar, and further supply from Georgia, United States, which was to be sown this season.

Accounts from Beyrout, of the 25th ult. are at variance with the intelligence received via Constantinople from Syria. Mustapha Pasha, in his tour through the country, so far from endeavoring to conciliate the people, was, it is said, doing everything in his power to rouse the Moslems against the unhappy Christians, whose condition was truly distressing. It was reported, that he contemplated disarming the mountaineers of Lebanon, and that he was only waiting the landing of 4,000 Albanians to commence their operations.

THE WEST.

It is reported that an English whaler has discovered several islands in the Pacific ocean, previously unknown. They are eight in number, of some extent, fertile, and inhabited. The appearance of the natives, the canoes, &c. were totally different from any others in that neighborhood.

Laborers from Africa are pouring into St. Vincent, West Indies. They are cordially welcomed—are readily employed, and are spoken of as very fine looking people; and they are said to be very well pleased with their locations.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.

No news of importance. Skirmishing parties of Camanches have carrfed off some women and children from the Mexican settlements.

The elections to the Mexican Congress have almost universally gone against Santa Ana's party. He is said to have the army on his side, and congress have the people. Some of their political leaders apprehend that it will produce anarchy, resulting finally in the success of an entire popular government, as opposed to a strong central one.

It is said that Santa Ana is far from approving the daring adventure of General Arista. So great is his displeasure, that the removal of that officer is determined on, and General Wall has been ordered to the frontier to take the command in his place. In what manner Arista will be disposed to submit to this disgrace, remains to be seen.

General Items.

Rhode Island.—The crisis has passed; and considering the intensely excited state of feeling, and the military array that was brought out, it is truly wonderful that it passed without bloodshed. The struggle for supremacy commenced between the two governments. Several of the suffrage, or revolutionary, government resigned their offices; others were arrested and held to bail. Their Governor, Dorr, came to New-York, and warmly enlisted the sympathies of the democratic party; meetings were held in Tammany Hall, and the Park, and five hundred volunteers engaged to go and fight for him. On his return to Providence, he was escorted home by a large number of citizens, many of them armed. His house was guarded by soldiers, and surrounded by a fiercely excited crowd. The constitutional government wisely forbore attack, and waited for some overt act on the part of their opponents. Governor Dorr, under the influence of injudicious advisers, attempted to take the State arsenal, against which his followers pointed their cannon. Owing to a heavy fog, or some foul play with the guns, they flashed twice, and would not go off; a circumstance which probably prevented a general mêlée, and saved hundreds of lives. The revolutionary fever began to cool, and one after another of Dorr's followers slunk away. Under such circumstances, the insurgent chief did the wisest thing he could do; he run away; and will probably be first heard of again from Europe.

The cause of all this difficulty may be briefly stated thus: The Constitution of Rhode Island was a Charter from the British crown, in 1663, and has features discordant with our republican institutions. It allows no one to vote but freeholders, owning real estate to the value of $134; but the oldest son of a freeholder is entitled to vote without possessing any property. Under this rule, men who pay two-thirds of the taxes, and perform most of the military duty, may be excluded from voting. As Rhode Island became more and more of a manufacturing State, the inequality was more felt; for thousands of her most intelligent citizens were engaged in avocations which did not lead them to become landholders.

Restlessness has from time to time manifested itself under this unequal system, and at last took the form of the suffrage party. There can be no doubt that they were right in demanding extension of suffrage, though rash and unjustifiable in their mode of proceeding.—They alienated the sympathies of many, at the outset, by limiting the right of suffrage to *white* citizens; thus endorsing a principle of despotism, at the very moment they were most clamorous in their professions of democracy. Governor Dorr, was in an especial manner ridiculously inconsistent; for he had been an active member of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society! A fig for *such* democrats! A thousand of them are not worth a brass farthing to any cause of freedom.

It is now believed that the victorious party will be wise enough to make suitable concessions to the popular wishes, and that the leaders on both sides will pursue a conciliatory course.

Stanly and Wise.—The papers for a

Miscellany.

From the Liverpool Albion.

REMINISCENCES OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY A YOUNG ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

New Orleans is, as every one has heard, one of the hottest cities on the face of the globe. Though it is not felt by the traveller at the usual time at which he makes his visit, it will not escape his observation, that the houses are all constructed so as to obtain as much shade as possible. Verandahs in front, and covered galleries at the sides, show the necessity that exists for protection from the blaze of light that pours down from an almost vertical sun, for eight months in each year. The sultry weather sets in about March, and is accompanied by an invasion from the surrounding swamps of as remorseless a horde of blood-sucking insects as ever swept over Egypt during all her plagues. By night and by day, regardless of time, place, or circumstance, they attack their victim. The ingenious editor of the *Daily Picayune* has made a careful calculation to prove that no less than three hhds. of blood are extracted every twenty-four hours! They will penetrate even through thick linen trowsers and coats, and thus deprive one of the benefit of light clothing; and so annoying do they become, as the season advances, that many families make a practice of expanding a large tent of muslin under which they may read or work with impunity. They are very powerful insects for their size, which does not exceed that of an English gnat. Towards the mouth of the Mississippi they are larger, and receive the name of gallinippers. The creoles* have a joke, that they carry a brickbat under their wings to sharpen their bills upon; and they certainly do commit cruel ravages upon the sailors and emigrants from the old world, who have to traverse their haunts before reaching the city. Every bed has, of course, its musquetoe-bar; and it requires no small art to keep the enemy off while you get under cover. Very often when you have made all fast, and are just dropping off into a pleasant sleep, the shrill trumpet of one of your tormenters, who got in when you did, sounds everywhere about you, your taper being extinguished, and everything being in utter darkness. The only step, in such a case, is, to summon up the patience of Job, and the moment you feel him alight to take a drink, kill him on the spot. So much for the musquetoes. There are other opportunities for the study of insect architecture, in the hosts of cockroaches, which nestle in all corners of the house, upstairs and down stairs, in the kitchen and in the bedroom. They will even get into your drawers, and cover your linen with brown studs, a sight by no means pleasant to one who is unprepared. At night, as you lean out of your gallery, you may see a host of lantern flies, and hear a perfect babel of noises from the crickets and bullfrogs in the marshes. In addition, swarms of rats shelter underneath the hollows, between the level of the earth and the floors of the houses, and troop about your path, in the dusk, like so many kittens. What with men by day, and animals and insects by night, the place is all alive.

In its wild, reckless revelry, its low standard of domestic morals, and its general neglect of Sunday observance, New Orleans is essentially French. As in nearly all continental cities, the shops are open during the greater part of the day of rest: in the morning, the loungers are at their *cafés* and *restaurants*, the merchants are busy at their counting houses: at noon, there is frequently an exhibition of sword-practice or pistol-shooting: in the evening, the dress circle of the theatre has a most brilliant array. At the same time, there is a laxness in the domestic code, which is peculiar to the circumstances of the place and the institutions of the country. It is true, that you may walk the streets at night without the degraded objects common elsewhere; but the evil only exists in another form. The adjoining buildings, lit up with brilliant light, and filled with the sound of music, would explain the apparent anomaly. There is another and more systematic form of immorality, in the system of concubinage, which is purely owing to public opinion, assisted by law. The offspring of whites and mulattoes, called *quarteroons*, are often as beautiful in form and feature as captivating in manners; and, while their education prevents them from marrying with the colored race, the law prevents all union with the whites. The result is perfectly natural.

The ascendency of the white race over the colored, in this city, is as complete as it can be under the institution of slavery. The *code noir* of the State is very severe, and exercises an absolute mastery over the persons of color, whether free or in bondage. At eight o'clock in the evening of the winter, and nine in that of the summer months, a gun is fired, after which all found abroad, who are unprovided with free papers, or a pass from their masters, are committed to the common gaol until morning. It is difficult, consequently, for free negroes, whether from the British colonies or the northern States, to live in New Orleans without considerable risk. A case came within my own knowledge of a free man of color being taken up after gunfire, who had his free papers on board the ship he belonged to, and was yet compelled to pay some fifteen dollars, and suffer a night's imprisonment before he was discharged. I must say, however, so far as outward appearances go, there are few evidences of the tremendous evil and injustice of slavery. With the exception of the chain-gangs, of convict, and unclaimed slaves on the Levée, the laughing face which shines in every individual of the race, as if by a special providence against a life of unrequited toil, are not evidences of misery. Their grievances are many, but their griefs are few.

From his hotel the stranger hurries to the auction mart, to see men sold like goods to the highest bidder. Such a scene I saw; and, beneath the shadow of a tall model of the Bunker-hill Monument, over the auctioneer's box, stretched the flag, with Webster's memorable words inscribed thereon. The devil, in his walk round the world, might have lingered on the monument, and gibbered with delight as he looked on the scene below, and surveyed in it the inconsistency of man, his lights and shadows, his vain longings and far-shortcomings. "Now, then," said the auctioneer, "Sukey, tumble up here. Gentlemen, I have now to offer you a real bargain. The negress Sukey, twenty-six years old, a good washer and ironer, and free from vices and maladies. City qualifications,† and came of a remarkably fine family, gentlemen. Can sew and get up linen. What shall I say? She speaks French and English." The bidding began for Sukey with three hundred dollars, and went on till it reached six hundred and fifty, when the hammer fell as the auctioneer said, cooly, "There's your master, girl." All this while the dull, black face of the woman seemed as lifeless as a piece of mahogany, and only lighted up for a moment as she looked at her new master. The next lot was a whole family: a father, mother, and four children the last in arms. My heart beat hard, and my throat swelled at this wronging of the innocent and helpless. It seemed an earnest of the perpetuation as well as permission of an accursed institution. The infant was laughing unconsciously in its mother's face while its rights were being bartered away, while the bargain was made which was to consign it to a long life of toil. The other children were grave or frightened, and kept their arms crossed upon their breasts. The whole family was disposed of, to one who appeared a negro trader, for seventeen hundred dollars, and the sale terminated.

Leaving such sad and humiliating passages, let me recall some of the lighter and more interesting recollections of my stay in the crescent city. They were not a few under its laughing sky, and bright spring. The mornings were incomparably the most delightful period of the day. We rose at six and sallied out to the market, taking the cathedral by the way. No costly edifice, no glittering fane of living stone without, and lofty prayer-breathing aisles within, is the humble shrine, where, almost alone among the churches of the Union, black and white, bend the knee to the Searcher of hearts. I well remember my first visit, when we stole quietly in through a side door, and stood before a huge throng, as varied and unlike, as the first gathering of Christians in the days of the apostles. It was during one of the pauses in the mass; and, as the eye glanced over a sea of human heads, it fell on colors as heterogeneous as headdresses and tires of every fashion could make them. The negress was there, with her bright bandana; the quarteroon, with a veil falling over a face and bust which might have graced a Juno; the graceful Frenchwoman, veiled or bonneted in the exquisite taste which art and study had attained. Many strangers were there. There was the Irishman bending his knee, like a Turk on his carpet, in that wrapt devotion I have ever seen in them at church or shrine. There was the ruddy Englishman, looking on with wonder and respect; and the intellectual, cold-hearted Scotsman curling his lips in lofty pride. There was every degree of intelligence in those crowded aisles, from the benighted negress, counting her beads, to the refined and cultivated lawyer, the acute and sensible merchant. When the priest mounted the pulpit, and poured forth a river of eloquence in his flexible and impassioned tongue, I forgot that we were standing on the damp borders of the Mississippi, beneath a dingy roof, supported by plain, brick columns. I thought of Peter the hermit, of his burning words, and of his fixed and riveted audience. Time rolled back its long waves once more.

I visited the church often. One day, as I passed through, I was attracted by the entrance of a Creole lady, of exquisite beauty, richly clad, and attended by a little slave, about four years old. She approached one of the shrines, and became absorbed in her devotions. All this while the little child knelt by her side, looking all round, with his large bright eyes, in childish wonder. As I looked at this strangely matched group, I thought how differently their separate lot upon earth was cast: how bright was the existence of one, loved and honored most likely, with the rough paths of coming age surrounded by troops of friends. That of the other, how dark, how gloomy, and how uncertain. It was a sad contrast that, of the lady and the slave.

The cathedral of New Orleans fronts a large square, the Place d'Armes, which is surrounded by locust trees, and has a fountain in the centre. It was a favorite promenade during the cool morning hour before breakfast. When the sun came up out of the low horizon of marsh, it lighted up the fountain and the dark face of the church; while the air came from the gardens across the river laden with the rich perfumes of the orange flowers. It was the pleasantest period during the twenty-four hours. As we returned home, we past the market, with its cries in English and French, and the fruits and flowers on the stalls; and, while passing the huge blocks of ice lying at the hotel doors, forgot that the air was yet to glow like a furnace. By noon we were perspiring, with the thermometer at ninety degrees, with the shutters half closed, sucking mint juleps through long straws.

Amidst all the revelry I saw in the capital of the South, there was nothing which equalled the follies of *Mardi gras*. Know, reader, that, upon this grand holyday of fools, you may meet, in broad daylight and in the public streets, the wildest and most outlandish masks and garbs. There is no limit to the absurd disguises which the mimics assume. It is carnival time. Lent follows hard upon it, and folly runs riot. From a window in one of the principal streets, I saw some six or seven hundred birds, beasts, fishes, crocodiles, and caricatures of men and women, pass in slow, but comic procession. The balconies were filled with the flower of Creole beauty, who did not flinch from the discharges of sugar plums from the vehicles below. In the evening they mustered their forces in a magnificent assembly room, and, beneath the blaze of lamps, chatted, danced, and walked: kings, courtiers, and officers; Greeks, Romans, flower-girls, and a host of other dominoes. Mounting the gallery which ran round the hall, close to the ceiling, I looked down on this vast crowd, winding through the mazes of the dance, trooping about the room, or speaking to each other through their quaint masks. It seems strange that one should think of anything but pleasure at such a time; but with a singular antithesis, I did. Of the forms buoyant with life, and moving to music that went to every heart, how many were to lie low before the pestilence which has only just ceased the ravages of months! Looming between the roof and floor a vast skeleton seemed to hover, while its presence seemed, as at the ancient feasts, to lend zest to the passing hour. Their motto was, *carpe diem*. I could not forget the pestilence; for that morning I had visited the cemeteries.

* The term Creole implies a native, and has no connection with color.

† Born in New Orleans.

From the New-York Tribune.

THE MENDIANS.

We presume the following is from the pen of Lewis Tappan. It will interest many of our readers:

"In a late *Tribune* was published an abstract of letters received from the missionaries who accompanied the Amistad Africans to Sierra Leone. As, contrary to the usual practice of colonization and missionary societies, the whole truth was published, some persons, imagining that much that was unfavorable was suppressed, have supposed that the Africans have so conducted as wholly to disappoint the expectations of their friends and benefactors, and completely frustrate the sanguine hopes of a successful mission. A portion of this community rail against the attempt to introduce civilization through the agency of Cingue and the rest, overlooking the fact that it was not to be expected that these persons, during a year or two's residence in this country, chiefly in a county jail, should have attained to a degree of moral virtue and Christian principle, surpassing that of an equal number of white persons cast upon a foreign shore under more favorable circumstances. And even the better portion of the community may have formed too sanguine expectations respecting the mass, on their return to their native land, after a few of them had given such pleasing evidences of improvement, and a change of manners, if not of heart. While the committee consider it their duty to lay before the friends of the Mendians, from time to time, the FACTS that come to their knowledge, (and it is the purpose of the missionaries to practice no concealment, nor to say anything to convey wrong impression,) they hope that no hasty judgments will be formed; that the sneers and misrepresentations of unprincipled men will be unheeded; that the committee will be sustained in supplying the missionaries with the means to make a fair and full experiment; and above all, that the blessing of the God of missions will be invoked to accompany these means with the Holy Spirit.

The letters just received, of which an abstract has been published, were not the first letters written. The return of the barque *Gentleman*, which conveyed the Africans to Sierra Leone, has put the committee in possession of letters from the missionaries, written during the passage, while lying at the Cape de Verd islands, and during the first fortnight of their abode at Freetown.

Mr. Steele, in a letter written at sea, says:

"I think I have often observed in the conductors of great, and even benevolent enterprises, a disposition to make capital by putting the best side of the picture forward, while they have carefully concealed every discouraging circumstance. Perhaps I might state the case still more strongly, by saying that they have indulged in such hyperbolical expressions as were calculated to convey a wrong impression, and which the most encouraging aspect of the case would not fully warrant. But I need not be particular, as you are aware of the practice to which I refer, and will fully understand my meaning. Now, I suppose that such is not the manner in which we are to conduct the enterprise. If I had had the least suspicion that the committee were men who would be disposed to resort to such means, I should never have enlisted in this undertaking. I have long known the individual members by reputation, and have ever supposed them to be men who were not afraid of the truth, and who would never resort to a shuffling expediency. The pledge you have recently made, that you will not receive the products of unrequited toil, gives me new assurance that I have not mistaken your characters in this particular."

The passage was rather longer than usual—they had rough weather very soon after leaving New-York, and the whole passage was what the sailors call a rough, or rather unpleasant one. They saw a few fish and a few birds. They saw also a few vessels, and spoke one. The first two Sabbaths were so stormy, that they could not have services on deck. "Since then we have had preaching regularly. Our evening prayers with the Mendians on deck are truly pleasant. They have learned some additional hymns, which they sing with such spirit as in part compensates for the otherwise rude performance. In the evening our prayers are below deck." With so many passengers in a small vessel difficulties might have been expected, but nothing unfavorable of consequence occurred between the Mendians or the missionaries. Mr. Steele writes:

"The Mendians have in general been well. I have administered medicine to about a half a dozen of them with success. The sick girl was worse for a while after we left New-York, but she is now well. They still seem desirous to improve, and have their books about from day to day, reading and asking questions. Their confidence is not very strong, even in us. Day before yesterday, they began to fear that all was not right.—They had observed the stars and thought we were not going the right course. In the evening we had a squall which was so violent for a few moments that one wave struck the vessel with such force as to make everything tremble again, and threw some water on the deck. The man at the helm did not understand his duty, and the —— swore at him, and threatened him dreadfully. He also would stamp on the deck to add force to his words. This excited the Mendians very much, and some of them slept not at all during the night. Yesterday one of the girls saw Mrs. Raymond weep for a moment, from some cause, and she readily put the worst construction upon it, and communicated it to the others. They finally told us their fears. They thought the —— was a very bad man, and that they would be carried to some other place than Sierra Leone. They even inquired if we would not forsake them, if the captain would give us a barrel full of money. Pointing to the East, they would say their country was off there. They inquired the reason of the vessel's laying to—steering toward various points of the compass, &c.—and we explained to them, as well as we were able, pointing out our position on a map, and telling them that the sun was overhead in their country, but that it was yet far to the south of us. They seemed to be satisfied in part, but sometimes looked very serious and even anxious. At times they would watch a small compass they have, and ask questions, as we veered from southeast to south. They are also troubled when they see a vessel, and about calling at St. Jago. They say they heard nothing about that before they left New-York. We tell them we need fresh water, as ours on board is now very bad. The Mendians were for a while very desirous that we should take guns with us into Mendi.—When they understood the reasons why we could not, they seemed satisfied. They then insisted upon our carrying tobacco with us, but we told them we wanted to do them good, and that we thought tobacco would do them no good. After much talk they seemed to be satisfied. We think we may suffer some in consequence on this account; for we suppose tobacco is more nearly the currency of the country than any other article.

"As we get their confidence more and more, occasionally a fact comes out with which we were before unacquainted. For example, Cingue says that he gave the doubloons, which it was reported that he had thrown into the sea, to Captain Gedney. We have made some progress in obtaining their language, with which they seem greatly pleased, and can now understand some of their phrases and use a few of them. We are inclined to think we shall find it copious, for an unwritten language. The Mendians continue to improve, and although we have not been able to have a regular school, we think the instructions they have received on the passage will be of service to them.

"After anchoring at Porto Praya (St. Jago) Saturday afternoon, a boat with fruit came along side. The Mendians were eager to trade, and even proposed to sell their clothes. We dissuaded them as well as we could. We tried to instruct them in relation to the Sabbath, and we earnestly prayed that our stay at this place might be short. Early Sunday morning boats came along side to trade. They brought fish, oranges, cocoa-nuts, and chickens. Cingue told them—'We cant buy to-day—you come to-morrow and we buy.'" The temptation, however, was too much for some of them. I found Berri, taking off his coat to exchange for oranges, and Gribbear had taken his jacket to give for three chickens. A word from Mr. Raymond put an end to it. Early on Monday morning, the missionaries went ashore to purchase fruit for the Mendians. The Cape de Verds are the islands which were visited with famine about twelve years since. Our Supercargo was American consul at the islands at the time. His description of it was truly appaling. He assisted in the distribution of the provisions so generously sent from the United States, which proved the safety of those who remained alive. It is said, by those who profess to know, that vessels are brought here from Havana, nominally sold, and then furnished with Portuguese papers, &c. for the purpose of enlisting in the slave trade. There is a vessel now in port from the United States, which came out for sale. When slave ships come into this port they are universally seized and condemned. A substantial, fast-sailing vessel is too rich a prize to let pass. They may, perhaps, have no objection to their being fitted up, and certainly none to seizing them afterwards when engaged in the slave trade. Several have been seized here, and I am informed by our supercargo that complaint has actually been lodged against us, and the fact that he was so well known here was all that prevented an examination.

"January 13th.—We are now in sight of land.—When we first saw the Sierra Leone mountains, and some of the Mendians recognized them, their joy was unbounded. They laughed, they played, they danced, and gambolled about the deck, like so many happy children. We came slowly in, as we had but light wind, and were sometimes obliged to cast anchor or be carried back by the ebb tide. From the Cape de Verds has been the most pleasant part of the passage. Nearly all on board are in the finest spirits. The officers are very pleasant, and the missionaries well. The warm weather operates very favorably upon the Mendians. Their confidence is restored, and they are in high spirits.—They play and *tumble* about the deck, sometimes to the great amusement of the ship's company. We asked the Mendians, a few days since, how they would know where to find us, if they went to see their friends before we selected the site of our mission. They said they should go with us, and stay till the houses were built, and then they should go and see their friends. *Fu-li said he cried every day when he was in America to see his mother; but it would be better to leave his father and mother, than leave us. He said we took care of them when they were in a strange land without friends, and now they would treat us as we had treated them.* Their language to-day is *Nya go-hung ni-engo ha*: i. e. I am glad to-day. They say, "when we leave Sierra Leone, we take all our things with us, for we don't want to look back. The Bullom men are very much attached to their country and their language, and they do not like to speak the Mendi. Although the whole party, Bullom-men and the Mendi-men, long ago agreed to stay together, yet it does not appear that they were agreed among themselves where their residence should be, until they came on board ship. The spot they have selected is on the line between Bullom and Mendi, so as to accommodate both parties."

On arriving at Sierra Leone, January 15th, they waited upon Dr. Ferguson, the Lieutenant Governor, who received them very kindly, and pointed out a house where the Mendians could be accommodated. Dr. F. immediately sent to the Bullom chief, on the opposite shore, informing him of their arrival. He also told James B. Covey, the African interpreter, who accompanied the Mendians from the United States, that he had liberty to go where he pleased. When Mr. Steele returned on board, he found Rev. E. Jones waiting to receive him. "He is from Charleston, (S. C.) a man of color, (mulatto,) graduated at Amherst college, and afterward studied at Andover. He went to England, and was sent to Sierra Leone by the Church missionary society. He has been here about ten years, enjoys good health, and seems to be a judicious man. He has shown us great hospitality. In the course of the day, the whole party landed. Captain Richard Lawrence, an American resident here, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Raymond. Mr. Evans, from Liberia, invited Mr. and Mrs. Wilson home with him. Sabbath morning we attended the chapel of the Wesleyan Methodist mission. In the evening, Mr. Steele preached in the same house. On Monday, the Bullom chief came over; but he found those of our party supposed to be Bullooms, were not of that tribe, but were Bolms, and came from the region of Sherboro, some fifty miles south of Sierra Leone. The chief of the Bulloms has been the most powerful of any in this region, and has held most of the neighboring tribes as tributaries. The old chief lately died, and it is his successor whom I have seen." Mr. Steele writes:

"We have seen one man, whose brother married Cingue's sister, and whose uncle sold Cingue into slavery. We have seen another whose brother, a chief—Thomas Coulker—sold two of our company. The Mendians have found many of their friends and relatives. Cingue has seen his brother—others have found theirs, and many have found personal friends. The Mendians are called here Koosos; but they say this is a term of reproach, and call themselves Mendibla, or Mendians. This country lies back from the coast, and extends nearly from the Rokelle, (a branch of the Sierra Leone river,) to the Gallinas. There are multitudes in this colony who speak their language—some of them being recaptured persons, and some having come here voluntarily. They are represented as being the most troublesome of all the tribes. It is said, also, that their country is almost constantly in a ferment, (probably on account of the foreign slave trade;) that a war between the Koosos and Timmanas has just terminated, and that at the present time they are having long palavers in the Sherboro country, to try to settle some of their difficulties. It is thought here that it will not be safe to take the Mendians to their homes, until a treaty is made. But I purpose to start for their country, or its vicinity, in a few days. Mr. Dove thinks he will accompany me. Cingue, and perhaps one or two others, will also go along. I hope to make thorough work, and find, if possible, the best place. Mr. Raymond thinks he had best remain, and teach the people in my absence. I am of the same opinion; for it is manifest they do not feel under those restraints, which were imposed upon them by their peculiar situation in the United States."

The missionaries learned that their expenses would greatly exceed their calculations. Although they had a large supply of provisions laid in at New-York, yet they felt the necessity of purchasing rice, cassada, and yams. Though there are at Sierra Leone a plenty of vacant houses, rent is very high. Washing is also very expensive, and they need twice as much as they did in the United States.

"About one-fourth of the missionaries die annually; and this, too, where they have good houses to go into as soon as they arrive, with every comfort that heart can wish, or friendship suggest, or money purchase. The land is nearly cleared, and much of it cultivated. It would have been judicious if we had taken out a house, all ready to put together, and a skillful physician with us. The weather is so warm that white men cannot labor here as they would; and all assure us that if we go about business as we did in America, it will soon prove our destruction. There are no roads, and no means of conveyance other than men's heads. Mr. Steele writes that he does not know a white person there, except of his party, who does not take alcohol in some way or other. Most of them take wine, porter, ale, and some of them brandy. 'The first Sabbath,' he says, 'we were here, after the service of the chapel was over, the preacher invited us all into his house, and set wine, &c. before us. I was standing some distance from the table. Our host invited me to partake, but I refused. He then took me by the arm and pulled me gently along, saying that we could never live in Africa without something to stimulate our systems. Our captain and supercargo, who had just drained their glasses, had a hearty laugh at my expense, in which my reverend friend took part. I still refused, excused myself, retired and wept.' Now, high and low, the good and the bad, the righteous and the profane, all say that we shall soon die if we do not drink the good creature in some shape. This may be true; but unless I can find a man who can answer my argument in favor of temperance, (total abstinence,) I shall try the experiment. You will think, perhaps, after reading the foregoing, that we are all discouraged, and that the mission is about to fail. You need not think so; for, although even more than this might be said, I am not discouraged. It is true, I cannot tell at present what we shall do, but I am prepared to go down the coast and see what can be done. This is the very best season of the year for traveling, and my health is now *very* good. The missionaries are all well, except that Mrs. R. feels very much reduced by the warm weather. Again, I think that God has sent us out, and that He has some good design in this matter. When he took the Israelites out of Egypt, they stood by the Red sea; the water was before them, the mountain was on either side, and the Egyptians behind. He said, 'Go forward!' and they went. Their difficulties fled before them, and returning, proved the destruction of their enemies. So may ours. It is the same God. Our people, like the Israelites, are fleeing from slavery. Nothing is too hard for God. The darkest hour is said to be just before day."

Mr. Steele writes: "You thought we were going out in a temperance vessel. A few of the hands were tetotallers, and the captain would not allow any of the *crew* to drink. When you were expressing your happiness that the barque was a temperance vessel, your feelings would have been somewhat modified, if you had known that one hundred barrels of RUM were at that moment in the hold beneath your feet. I need not comment on this."

The committee were *assured* it was a *temperance ship*; and when the congratulatory remarks above alluded to were made, at the meeting on board, as the barque went down the harbor, *the captain, owner, &c. were present.*

Mr. Steele left February 3d, as has been already published, on an exploring expedition. Mr. Dove was prevented from accompanying, by sickness in his family. Mr. Raymond wrote February 14th, that he had learned that Mr. Steele staid over the Sabbath at York, 20 or 25 miles from Sierra Leone, where there is a Wesleyan station. Cingue, Covey, Ean-na, Wa, and Fuli-Wa were with him—all well. Mr. R. writes:

"Since brother Steele left, a man has arrived here from the Gallinas, named William Parker. He says his father was of a high family in Virginia, and had a mulatto for a wife, by whom he had three children. The family refused to own him, unless he would renounce his wife and children. This he would not do; and to escape from difficulty, he emigrated to Liberia, where he opened a factory. After his father died, he went into business—went to the Su-gu-ri country, and opened a factory there, where he remained eight years. In consequence of not selling gun-powder, in a certain war, about two years ago, he was robbed of all he had, and fled to the Gallinas. He says that a few days since, a Spanish schooner, called the *Presidente*, was taken by a British man-of-war, and brought into Sierra Leone. The Spaniard told the slave-dealing natives, that he was the means of the vessel's being taken, by informing, and for this they routed him; which induced him to come to Sierra Leone for employment. His mother still lives at the Gallinas. Such is his story. Some think he is an old slave trader. He speaks both the Mendi and the Vai languages. From him I have obtained considerable information respecting our people. Parker and Grabbeau instantly recognized each other. He used to know Grabbeau very well, and frequently bought camwood and ivory of him. He told me that Grabbeau is connected with a high family, though poor himself; and that he has two sisters married to two chiefs in that country. Parker says he knows the time well when Grabbeau was taken; that he was engaged in a war with the insurgent slaves, and was taken by them and sold into slavery. He knows Grabbeau's wife well. Grabbeau, it seems, lived only about ten miles from Grand Cape Mount, and has been at Liberia six times, although he did not know it by that name. Parker says that Grabbeau was very extensively known throughout that country, and used to sell his camwood and ivory to him for tobacco, gun-powder, guns, &c. &c.; then take them to the Go-ra country, where he would trade them off for more camwood, &c. Parker also recognized Bar-tu, and saw him once at the Gallinas with camwood to sell; saw him again there after he was taken for a slave. Don Francisco had him. He knows Na-quai's sister. Na-quai is a Ban-di; was hired by the Vai people to fight against the Go-ra people; and after peace, went to take a walk into the Go-ra country, where he was recognized, taken, and sold into slavery. Na-quai is one of Go-te-rah's tribe, the man who gave such a bloody battle in Liberia.

"Parker says, just as sure as these men are taken back to their own country they will be taken again; and the Mendians assent to this statement as true. Every body here tells us the same. It is said that the Mendians are the most warlike, and the greatest slave dealers, in all this part of Africa. Parker thinks the best place for a settlement, is Grand Cape Mount; that it is the most healthy, and the nearest to the Mendi country of any other place near the coast. That it is impracticable for us to go far into the interior, is now a settled point with me, though I was the last to give it up. At first, I was determined to go; but from what I learn, I now think it would be the height of presumption, both for ourselves and the Mendians. The best way for us to do, is to establish a station near the coast, and then work back into the interior. There are probably more Mendians carried into slavery than of any other tribe. A few years ago, a cargo of Mendians rose and killed the whole crew of a vessel, except one mulatto. They gave him a certain number of days to navigate them into Sierra Leone, which he did. Some Mendians have been sold into slavery—then captured and brought here—then they have gone back, been sold, captured, and brought here again—then went to Mendi, were sold, captured, and brought here a third time. From this fact, you can judge whether our men would be safe to go back whence they came. In fact, they do not desire to go back, i. e. back to where they came from. They desire to go as *near* their own country as they will be safe, so that their friends can have access to them. They prefer the vicinity of Gallinas.

"Since brother Steele left here, a war has, it is said, broke out among the natives, in the very region to which he has gone, and that in fact one of the chiefs to whom he had a letter of introduction from the colonial secretary, is at the head of it. Should this prove true, it will be hardly possible for him to effect much; as without a conference with the chief, a settlement cannot be made. Brother Steele will not, we think, be in any danger, even if he should fall in with those engaged in war; for although they would take away what he had, they would not hurt him. It is said that the Sherboro (i. e. Bullum) coast, is low, flat, and full of mangrove swamps, which make it very unhealthy—even almost sure destruction to the white man. It seems at present, that in consequence of the war and the unhealthiness of Sherboro coast, that we shall have to go to Grand Cape Mount or to Me-he-ra. There has long lived at Grand Cape Mount a notorious slave-trader, an Italian named Canot. He has lately—ostensibly at least—given up the slave trade, and put himself under the British protection. Me-he-ra lies on the border of this colony, in the Tim-i-ni country. The liberated Mendians—several hundred in number—have gone there and 'squatted,' in consequence of its being good rice land, and similar to their own country. The Tim-i-ni people, not wishing them there, commenced a war of extermination. In consequence of which, the government has purchased this tract of land of the Tim-i-nis, and they, doubtless, would be glad to have us settle there, under their protection. The above is my impression, from my present knowledge. The information that brother Steele brings, may alter the aspect of things.

"You may ask whether in view of all these things we are discouraged. For myself, I answer emphatically, No, *by no means*. Their conduct since we have been here, has not in the least altered my view respecting the intentions of Providence, in sending these men to America. I still believe that the gospel will, in connection with these Mendians, be preached in the interior of this vast continent, though not in the way we expected. To be sure, some things look dark at the present time, but we must remember that God is not man, neither are his ways our ways. For my own part, I feel as strong faith that I shall yet preach the gospel in the interior, as I ever did.

"February 15th.—Just one month since we landed; and I never enjoyed better health than during this time. I expected, on my arrival here, to become at once enervated. I do not wonder that Europeans die when they come to this climate, living as most of them do. There were two Wesleyan missionaries that arrived here about a week or two before us. They were not here a month before they were taken with the fever, and were very sick for a short time. They are now about again. I happened to see them just as they were taking their dessert after dinner. Although just up from the fever, they were eating pine-apples, &c. and drinking wine, ale, porter, &c. I preached for Mr. Dove one evening, and after the meeting was over, we went into the house, where one of the above-mentioned young ministers urged me quite strongly to take some brandy! Ali Bun-du, a Bullum chief (not Sherboro) called on me yesterday, and said the war, previously alluded to, was ended. It may be, after all, that the war will not affect brother Steele in the least. By his not returning, I am inclined to think he is likely to accomplish something."

The last accounts are up to February 19th. The return of Mr. Steele was anxiously expected at Sierra Leone by his associates, when future action would be resolved upon. The foregoing particulars are published at such length, to gratify the numerous donors to the Amistad fund—nearly 1300 in number—and to induce such of them as desire to continue in well-doing, to contribute still further for the support of the mission. The expense will be great, and the results, it is hoped, important. For similar reasons, two letters are subjoined from Cingue and the young man named Kin-na. Donations can be sent to Lewis Tappan, Treasurer of the Committee, corner of Hanover and Exchange streets, New-York.

LETTERS FROM CINGUE AND KIN-NA.

BARQUE GENTLEMAN, at sea, near Sierra Leone, January 13th, 1842.

MR. TAPPAN—Dear Sir: Captain good—no touch Mendi people. All Mendi people love Mr. Tappan. Mr. Tappan pray for Cingue, and all Mendi people, all time; and Cingue, and all Mendi people, pray for Mr. Tappan all time. You give Cingue two white men and one colored man to go with Cingue. We stay Sierra Leone; Cingue can't help, because it no my country; we go my country, I help very much. Cingue love Mr. Tappan, and all Mendi people love Mr. Tappan very much. I no forget Mr. Tappan for ever and ever; and I no forget God, because God help Mr. Tappan for Mendi people. All Mendi people glad for Mr. Steele, and Mr. Raymond and his wife, and for colored man and his wife. All good—no touch Mendi people. Cingue no forget Mr. Williams, because he love Mendi people very much. We catch Sierra Leone very quick now—I think to-morrow morning; I very glad. Two years gone, Cingue see ship. Mr. Raymond glad, Mr. Steele glad; then I go back to see 'merica; I go my country—I make house, and take care of white man. I thank John Q. Adams, Mr. Norton, Mr. Williams, Mr. Denning, Mr. Lucius Cowles, Mr. Solomon Cowles, Mr. Ludlow, and Mr. Townsend. I pray for all man all time. I no forget them. Cingue tell Mr. Tappan to make letters for all these men. I thank all 'merica people, for they send Mendi people home. I shall never forget 'merica people. Your friend, CINGUE.

SIERRA LEONE, January 13th, 1842.

MR. TAPPAN—Dear Sir: We have reach Sierra Leone, and one little while after we go Mendi, and we get land very safely. Oh, dear friend, pray to God—God will hear your prayer. We will pray for you; and God is very great, very good, and kind. We have been on great water—no any danger fell upon us—oh, no. We never forget glorious God for these great blessings. How joyful we shall be! I never forget you. May God be blessed! Our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ has done wondrous works. Oh, dear Mr. Tappan, how I feel it for these wondrous things. I cannot write so plain, because the ship rolls. And pray—Jesus will hear you; and if I never see you in this world, we will meet in Heaven. Your true friend, KINNA.

THE EXPRESSION OF LAUGHTER.—How much lies in laughter; the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting, barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter, as of ice: the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing—but only sniff, and titter, and snigger from the throat; or at least, produce some whiffling, husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool. Of none such comes good.—*T. Carlyle.*

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

Cure for Diseased Peach Trees.—To one part of saltpetre add eight parts of common salt, and place about one pound of this mixture on the surface of the ground, about the roots, and in immediate contact with the trunk of the tree. It is said this will effectually destroy the worm.

Some farmers sow their peach orchards over with this mixture, at the rate of two bushels to the acre. They find that this process preserves the trees admirably; prevents the yellows, destroys the worms, and increases the size of the fruit.

Asparagus.—This excellent vegetable, in its natural state, grows near the borders of the sea; and therefore likes a saline soil. Beef or pork brine thrown on an asparagus bed greatly promotes its growth, and at the same time kills the weeds.

Selecting Cabbage Plants.—A correspondent of the New Genesee Farmer advises those who, on a rainy day, take from a bed of cabbage plants, some for transplanting, to select the *blue, short-legged ones*—because the *long-legged ones* are mostly *scullions*, and wont have any heads!

Curious Experiment, to obtain different flowers from the same stem.—Split a small twig of elder bush lengthwise, and having scooped out all the pith, fill each of the compartments with seeds of flowers of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould; and then tying together the two halves of the twig, plant the whole in a pot filled with earth properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will then be so incorporated as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.—*Tribune.*

Yarrow.—It is said that yarrow, a plant very common by our road-sides, is held in great estimation in England as pasturage for sheep. If there is no mistake in this, it is worth looking to, as the plant will grow in any soil, and bids defiance to the severest drought.

Manure for Gardens.—We have tried a variety of kinds of manure for a garden, and these kinds in a variety of forms; and, as far as our experience warrants an assertion in favor of any particular kind, we must give a decided preference to *swamp mud*, or muck. One argument in its favor is, that it seldom produces weeds. Another, that it contains so much vegetable matter in a decomposable state that it is easily brought to operate as the food of plants. It also, from the slowness of its decay, continues its effect *longer* than most other manures. Its cheapness also commends it, for all it costs is the mere getting it from the pond hole, which will be sure to fill its treasury before a new draft is necessary. In order to have it *prime*, it should be placed in a pile for a few days, and ashes or lime mixed with it, and subjected to workings, until the lumps are all reduced, and the two simples thoroughly compounded. It may then be put (half a shovel full will answer) in the hill for melons, cucumbers and squash. For radishes and the like, we use it as a top dressing. W. B.

Genessee Farmer.

Miscellaneous Items.

Children lost in the Woods.—The newspapers of Halifax, Nova Scotia, tell us a sad tale, to which one can hardly listen without a tear. Two children went astray in the woods, on Monday, the 11th of April, about four miles from Halifax. Some hundreds of people, comprising some military and Indians, went in search of them, for several successive days. On Friday, a snow storm occurred, and added painfully to the difficulties and depression on the subject. On Sunday, the remains of the children were found about seven miles from the home of their parents.

The eldest of the sufferers was a little girl, between seven and eight years old—the other a little girl, about two years younger. They were found locked in each other's arms—the younger with its face on the cheek of the elder. The elder girl, it is said, had taken off her apron, and rolled it about the more helpless and delicate babe. She had the looks of care and sorrow in death; as if, which is not uncommon in such cases, premature responsibility was felt; and that to secure and shield the little innocent by her side, was felt a duty. The younger seemed as if it met death in sleep. Their tender feet were injured by travelling, in vain endeavors to reach home.

These sisters were placed in one coffin, constructed in such a shape as to admit of their lying together in the position in which they were found—their faces touching; the left arm of the eldest reaching over little Mary, as if to protect her from the pitiless storm. A suitable monument is to be erected over their grave, to mark the spot in after years where the little innocents are laid.

A Slave cut to Death.—The New Orleans Bee states that a slave was recently killed on the Nashville railroad, in the following shocking manner.

The managers of the railroad invented a large scythe, to keep down the grass on the margin of the railroad. On the morning of the 4th, this scythe was attached to the cars, without previously warning the workmen of it; and the consequence was, that one of the slaves of the company was literally cut and mangled to pieces when the cars swept past.

Death from a Locomotive.—Mr. Davis, of Princeton, while engaged in painting the railroad bridge over the canal, on the Boston and Worcester railroad, in Worcester, was unfortunately run over by the locomotive, and killed. The railroad track through the bridge is double; but between the tracks there is ample room for a man to stand with safety. Mr. Davis's attention had been engaged by the Springfield train, which had just passed down on the south track; and as the Boston train passed up on the north track, he was observed standing on that